

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JANUARY 31, 1964

THE U.S. & LATIN AMERICA

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Robert Vickrey

STATE DEPARTMENT'S
THOMAS MANN

VOL. 83 NO. 5



What's a sports car rally champ doing in a '64 Chrysler?

What would you drive after beating the world's finest road cars in a specially prepared '63 Chrysler—and winning the Sports Car Club of America Rally Championship? Scott Harvey's got the answer. The latest edition of the machine that did the job for him in '63 . . . the 1964 Chrysler 300. (Shown above.) This one's as hot as its predecessor, with all the engineering stamina great automobiles are made of.

Its vital, moving parts are protected by America's longest engine and drive train warranty,* 5 years or 50,000 miles. Drive a Chrysler at your nearest Chrysler dealer's. Prove to yourself it's engineered better . . . backed better than any car in its class. Then get set for a surprise. Chrysler prices start lower than you think. **MOVE UP TO CHRYSLER**

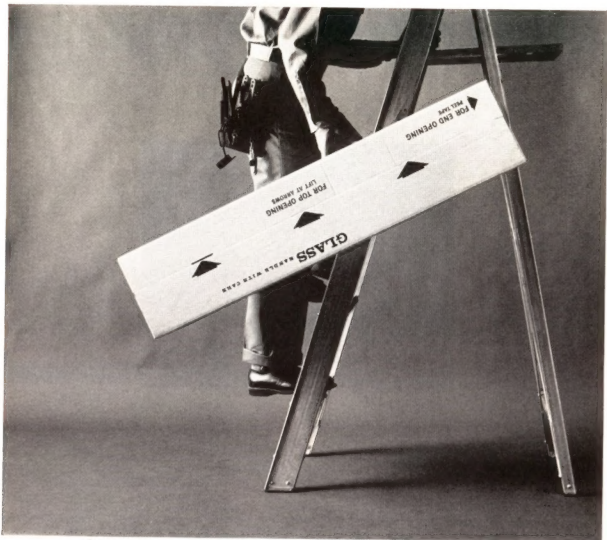
*Engineered better . . . backed better than any car in its class—5-year/50,000-mile warranty with this coverage: Chrysler Corporation warrants, for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business, the engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings of its 1964 automobiles, provided the owner has the engine oil changed every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first, the oil filter replaced every second oil change and the carburetor air filter cleaned every 6 months and replaced every 2 years, and every 6 months furnishes to such a dealer evidence of performance of the required service, and requests the dealer to certify (1) receipt of such evidence and (2) the car's then current mileage.

Be sure to watch Bob Hope and the Chrysler Theater, NBC-TV, Fridays

CHRYSLER DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



Our man on the way up figured out how to take 24 fluorescents with him

This is our lamp packaging specialist using the new Work Saver Pack at an installation of General Electric F40 fluorescent lamps. The Work Saver Pack is another example of the "extras" you get when you choose G. E. Before its development, the only way to relamp was to make repeated trips up and down the ladder (time

wasting). Or have another man hand lamps up (money wasting). But with the General Electric Work Saver Pack, your man has 24 lamps at his fingertips. They hook right onto the ladder rung. Your relamping costs tumble. Maintenance efficiency goes up. If you have a lighting problem of any sort, we have the ideas and the specialists

to help you solve it. We'd like to hear from you.

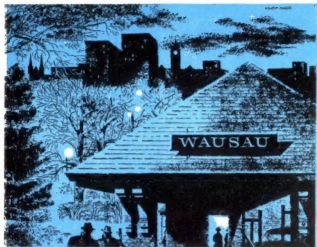
Only General Electric offers so many ways to help you save money with lighting ideas. For the latest in lamps, applications, packaging, services, see your Large Lamp Agent. Or write General Electric Co., Large Lamp Dept. C-400, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

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The station

that wouldn't stand still

EVEN people who have never been to Wausau, Wisconsin, know this depot well. For, unlike other home-town railroad stations, this one has been on the move.

As the trademark of one of the country's most important insurance companies, Employers Mutuals of Wausau, the little depot has found its way all over America.

It symbolizes not only Employers Mutuals' home town but also the Wausau way of doing things. Thoughtfully, purposefully, soundly. In just this way the company was founded when a group of lumbermen joined together there back in 1911 to make Wisconsin's (and, for that matter, the nation's) first workmen's com-

pensation law a boon instead of a burden.

Today, although best-known for workmen's compensation, Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes a full line of business coverage—group health and accident, liability, fidelity bonds, and all forms of fire and casualty insurance, including automobile.

And in all 50 states, Puerto Rico and Canada, the Wausau way is as evident as ever in the company's dedicated and creative loss-prevention services, professional counsel, and prompt handling of claims. These "good people to do business with" are ready to help you through any of 145 offices from coast to coast. Just call the office nearest you.

**Employers Mutuals
of Wausau**

"Good people to do business with" / 145 Offices Coast to Coast

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 29

CHRONICLE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). "Les Halles: A Farewell," a parting glance at the famous, eight-century-old Paris food market, soon to be decentralized.

Friday, January 31

1964 WINTER OLYMPICS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Men's downhill and cross-country skiing and ice hockey events on video tapes made in Innsbruck and jetted across the Atlantic.

Saturday, February 1

EXPLORING (NBC, 1-2 p.m.). An analogy is made between sports and ballet, with New York City Ballet's Jacques d'Amboise demonstrating.

1964 WINTER OLYMPICS (ABC, 3-5 p.m.). Special ski jump, two-man bobsled and ladies' figure skating events.

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A gynecologist (Eileen Heckart) is arrested for operating a birth control clinic.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9:11-10:27 p.m.). *Last for Life*, M-G-M's 1956 film version of the tormented life of Painter Vincent van Gogh, played by Kirk Douglas. Color.

Sunday, February 2

1964 WINTER OLYMPICS (ABC, 3-5 p.m.). Ladies' slalom, two-man bobsled finals, and ladies' cross-country events.

ONE OF A KIND (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). "The Oxford Method," an examination of Oxford University's tutorial system, featuring interviews with fellows and students.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A player's-eye view of ice hockey, with Chicago Blackhawk Stan Mikita, wired for sound and with a camera attached to him, playing an actual game.

Monday, February 3

THE LUCY SHOW (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Lucille Ball teaches Ethel Merman to sing. **HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS** (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). "The Birth of a Movie—The Cardinal."

1964 WINTER OLYMPICS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Men's giant slalom and ladies' figure skating.

Tuesday, February 4

1964 WINTER OLYMPICS (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Ladies' giant slalom, combined ski jump, and toboggan finals.

NBC WHITE PAPER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). "Cuba, Bay of Pigs."

THEATER

On Broadway

HELLO, DOLLY! is a handsome, happy and airborne visit to Little Old New York, thanks chiefly to Director-Choreographer Gower Champion. Carol Channing, as a sassy matchmaker with heart, boosts the show's eye, car and laugh appeal.

MARATHON '33, by June Havoc, is a dance made macabre by clowning, roughhousing and tenderness, but it is illuminated by the little-girl-lost-and-found acting style of Julie Harris.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS, by Ronald Alexander. A glib, gabby phony of a TV writer (Robert Preston) tries to shore

up a crumbling career with sleight-of-tongue, and makes it.

BARFOOT IN THE PARK. Two antic newlyweds, plus a Hungarian gourmet and a pill-popper from New Jersey, amusingly find happiness in a bewildering New York brownstone.

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE. Balancing faintheartedness and bravado, romanticism and Life Force, Playwright Peter Shaffer has written two one-acters in which an imaginative boy and a cocky detective shadow love.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING. At an R.A.F. base, lower-class conscripts turn in the twist and rock 'n' roll for folk song and poetry. Playwright Arnold Wesker challenges them with scorching good humor to give up their status quo for rebellion against the class system.

LUTHER. Playwright John Osborne's Luther is a fiercely burning torch—dampened by tormenting disagreement with his church, threatened by the double dangers of self-doubt and physical pain, but shedding the guiding light of the Reformation.

Off Broadway

THE LOVER, by Harold Pinter, and **PLAY**, by Samuel Beckett, reach depressing but strangely playful conclusions about infidelity—Pinter with mystifying urbanity, Beckett with poetic obscurity.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. With anguish, protective passion and wounded nobility, Mildred Dunnock, Joyce Ebert and Carrie Nye decry their fate, surrounded by a chorus whose every movement echoes the powerful and evocative words of the Euripides classic.

IN WHITE AMERICA. The pain, the humor, the anger and the pride of the U.S. Negro's history spring to pulsing life in this collection of dramatizations drawn from newspapers, journals and letters.

CINEMA

POINT OF ORDER. The undoing of Senator Joe McCarthy is the theme of this striking documentary gleaned from TV coverage of the historic Army-McCarthy hearings.

THE EASY LIFE. One of the funniest—and saddest—films ever made in Italy is Director Dino Risi's study of a raffish Roman playboy (Vittorio Gassman) who jet-propels a shy young law student (Jean Louis Trintignant) into a world of fast cars, soft shoulders and sudden death.

LOVE WITH THE PROPER STRANGER. The time is now, the place is Manhattan, the boy is Steve McQueen, the girl is Natalie Wood—and when this comedy drama remembers to take itself lightly, the result is grade A Hollywood romance.

KNIFE IN THE WATER. A sexy Polish thriller about three people aboard a Freudian sloop on which there's many a slip.

HALLELUJAH THE HILLS. In his ramblunctious first feature, U.S. Director Adolph Mekas turns the sober Vermont countryside into a landscape by Dalí, and proves himself one of the new cinema's most skilled *farceurs*.

BILLY LIAR. As hilariously mirrored by Actor Tom Courtenay, a young man's fancies turn to lust, liquor, fascism, bloody revenge, anything at all to escape the grime and grind of working-class life in modern Britain.

TO BED OR NOT TO BED. Alberto Sordi brings his sunny southern warmth to this Italian comedy about a frisky fur merchant who discovers firsthand that sex in Stockholm is still in the ice age.

TOM JONES. Vice triumphs—most engagingly, too—in this movie masterpiece wrested by Director Tony Richardson from Fielding's ribald 18th century classic. Albert Finney and Hugh Griffith head a superb cast.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL, by John Cheever. A tragical-farce sequel to *The Wapshot Chronicle* hurls the hapless Wapshot family from cozy 19th century St. Botolph into the present precarious world of supermarkets, noncommunities and missile research centers, and establishes Author Cheever as Suburbia's first poet-mythologist.

THE LITTLE GIRLS, by Elizabeth Bowen. A cool, controlled, meticulously written parable of no return. Three old ladies attempt, literally and figuratively, to dig up the secret of their childhood, and find only their own damaged selves.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD, by John le Carré. This grim, exciting cold-war thriller about a genuine professional in the international spying game is a good antidote for mystery fans fed up with excessively flashy Fleming.

TWO BY TWO, by David Garnett. The author refoats the Ark with a wine-guzzling Noah at the helm. The resulting fantasy can be taken as frivolously Biblical or ominously nuclear.

LOOKING FOR THE GENERAL, by Warren Miller. Billy Brown, alienated nuclear physicist, seeks redemption for a decadent world in the arrival of supermen from another planet. Of course, it doesn't turn out that way, but Billy's voice is satirically refreshing.

DON'T KNOCK THE CORNERS OFF, by Caroline Glyn. This 15-year-old first-novelist shows an old pro's shrewdness in choosing the subject matter she knows best: the fiercely competitive world of an English boarding school for little girls.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Group, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (2)
3. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (3)
4. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, Le Carré (9)
5. Caravans, Michener (4)
6. The Living Reed, Buck (7)
7. The Battle of the Villa Fiorito, Godden (6)
8. The Hat on the Bed, O'Hara (8)
9. On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Fleming (10)
10. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever

NONFICTION

1. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (1)
2. Mandate for Change, Eisenhower (2)
3. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Lasky (3)
4. The American Way of Death, Mitford (6)
5. Confessions of an Advertising Man, Ogilvy (5)
6. Rosalind, North (4)
7. Dorothy and Red, Shecan (7)
8. The Rise of the West, McNeill (10)
9. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (8)
10. My Darling Clementine, Fishman (9)

* All times E.S.T.

Avis can't afford television commercials. Aren't you glad?



Do you know what it costs to make a television commercial?

About \$15,000.

Of course, that includes highway, western sky, car, pretty girls and a catchy jingle to delight the hearts of music lovers. And then

you still have to pay for putting it on the air.

Avis hasn't got that kind of money.

We're only No.2 in rent a cars.

What we do have is plenty of decent cars like lively, super-torque Fords. Plenty of counters with girls behind them who don't think it's corny to be polite.

We have everything but television commercials.

But business is getting better.

Maybe soon, you won't be so lucky.

LETTERS

Everybody's Subject

Sir: I tore up the Modern Living section about sex in the U.S. [Jan. 24] before I read it.

MRS. AL SCHRAMM

Dubuque, Iowa

Sir: Your article concerning everybody's favorite subject was timely and enlightening. As a member of the reputedly fast-moving, carefree college set, I was pleasantly surprised at your objectivity.

THOMAS E. WERMAN

Columbia University
New York City

Sir: Although I disagree with numerous points raised, I admire your ability to feel the pulse of a nation on this controversial subject. You may be assured that your article will be read, debated, passed on, underlined, argued about—in general, will add to the confusion you report.

SALLYANNE NOEL DEJANTAS ('66)

Salve Regina College
Newport, R. I.

Sir: The article raises the issues so clearly that it will make excellent background reading for my students as a basis for discussion of the whole question of sexual morality today.

(THE REV.) ARTHUR T. LUTTON JR.
Chaplain

Hebron Academy
Hebron, Me.

Sir: So now you've researched it to death and spoiled the fun, I hope you're satisfied!

CHARLES E. HILLS

Weston, Mass.

Sir: Too infrequently does the reader encounter such an intelligent presentation dealing with love and sex in our society.

T. J. HILTY JR.

Xavier University
Cincinnati

Sir: The college male is not disrespectful of social and legal consequences that he may incur as a result of premarital sex. But the traditional values that place sex within the moral and religious sphere are what he generally resents and condemns.

Quite common on campus is the conception of the sex act as the natural consummation of what one regards as "love." Unfortunately, a fallacy lies here in the young man's perfectly natural rationalization of his romance, which is often little more than a strong physical attraction.

Thus, obviously what results is a "distorted" relationship that, by mature standards, is unfulfilling.

MARK ZAUDERER

Union College
Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir: I wonder if all the stress on sex might not spell ruin to the Republic. History has demonstrated quite clearly that civilization and empires are destroyed, or at least weakened, by sexual depravity, especially among the "elite."

I don't know about the next guy, but I am worried about America's future. God save us!

SAUL MONTANEZ

Flushing, N.Y.

Sir: If you keep on talking about ice cream, the child will eventually want some.

LEIGH M. SHERIDAN

New York City

Sir: Now that you have presented the general picture of sex in college life, how about a word of confidence for the parents of those who consider themselves to be in the minority? We would like to reassure our parents that we are still the "nice girls" who "don't."

ANN SWANSON

JOAN FUETSCH

SUSAN SEIVER

BARBARA BULLOCK

Elmira College
Elmira, N.Y.

Sir: For the very first time, I'm tempted to slide your magazine to the bottom of the pile so my teen-agers and their friends won't see it, but they'll probably come across it in the school library anyway.

JEAN P. FITZGERALD

Rowayton, Conn.

Sir: I am a college student who has recently become seriously interested in one girl; because of this I have come to find that sex is not the most important association between a man and a woman.

I feel I had to find this for myself because adults (parents, church and teachers) today seem afraid to speak seriously about sex, and only give enough knowledge to force teen-agers to find information wherever they can—usually in cheap books and films, or with each other, which only warps the ideas pertaining to sex and love.

Whether a girl is experienced or not does not interest me any more. It is my feelings for her as a person and my appreciation of her that is important to me now.

To make love or not to make love is of secondary importance.

LEON J. MOHN III

Westport, Conn.

Sir: After reading your cover story, my wife concluded that I'm a rooster.

RONALD JAKARY

Detroit

Divided Isthmus

Sir: What is surprising is that violent disorders have not occurred more often in Panama. As a former Canal Zone resident, the pseudo patriotism of Canal Co. employees is still vivid in my mind. Their special American citizen "status" and utopian living standards make our standard of living in the U.S. seem miserly.

Generations of these canal employees have cultivated an American type of "blimpism" so blatant that even their idol, "Old Roughrider" Teddy Roosevelt, would blush with shame.

D. MOREHOUSE

Albuquerque

Sir: By the treaty of 1903, Uncle Sam took advantage of a helpless baby republic just separated from Colombia. Secession was backed by the U.S. because the Colombian Senate had rejected American terms for a canal. The U.S. then took "in perpetuity" Panama's natural patrimony and most valuable natural resource and turned it into a state monopoly and a colony, splitting the new country in two.

Now the baby is growing, and crying foul. The U.S. waits for riots and violence before recognizing his rights, and then calls for "concessions." Why not plan for an orderly transition? It is a mistake to discount the whole affair as a Communist maneuver. We have our share of Communists—but don't prove them right.

FRANCIS ESCOFFERY JR.

Panama City

Sir: Your sensation-seeking misrepresentation of the news has just about destroyed what reputation we North Americans had in Panama for integrity and fair play. As a Canadian living in Panama, I object to your distortion of the facts.

MARGUERITE KENNEDY DE GARRICK

Panama City

Sir: I would like to express my satisfaction with TIME's fine job of reporting of the Panama Canal crisis.

Unfortunately many Americans and especially Panamanians were duped by the local press and radio releases into believing many untruths that were not substantiated by fact.

Having been in a position to personally observe what actually happened, I can attest to the veracity of your report.

JAMES SHAW

Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

Canal Zone

Sir: I am neither American nor Panamanian, and while I do not condone killing, burning or looting under any circumstances, my sympathies in this affair are with the Panamanians and with the U.S. residents in Panama who strive to disassociate themselves from U.S. and Canal Zone policy.

MICHAEL ADLER

Panama City

Sir: Disturbances in Central and South America, with increasing hatred of the U.S., though alarming, are to be expected. We did not invoke the Monroe Doctrine when Russia started arming Cuba. This, followed by the Bay of Pigs, has established an enemy armed camp in our midst.

If we give up control of the Panama

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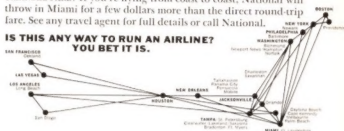
Take a peaceful little cruise into the islands. Buy one. Some of them are still for sale, cheap.

When you're good and ready, come back to Florida. Dance in all the nightclubs. Play a little tennis. Meet the live mermaids at Weeki Wachee. Look for the Fountain of Youth.

National Airlines flies you to all of Florida's key cities. Come on.

TRIANGLE FARE: If you're flying from coast to coast, National will throw in Miami for a few dollars more than the direct round-trip fare. See any travel agent for full details or call National.

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YOU BET IT IS.**



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Cold miseries are stubborn. That's why Contac[®] is too. Over 600 tiny "time pills" in each Contac capsule keep working all day or all night long—stop sneezes, keep you breathing freely, dry runny nose and watery eyes. Contac stays stubbornly on guard. Doesn't let up on the relief—because your cold doesn't let up. Nothing else does as much for head cold congestion as the tiny "time pills" in Contac—today's largest-selling cold medication at your pharmacy.



MENLEY & JAMES LABORATORIES, Philadelphia, Pa.
Proprietary Pharmaceuticals made to Ethical Standards

Canal, we will lose prestige, endanger our country, and alienate all of our friends to the south of us. Let's not have to bow our heads in shame because another "Bay of Pigs." Russia, the greatest hater in the world, is on the march. The Panama Canal is in its line of march.

MALCOLM L. DINWIDDIE

New Orleans

Texas

Sir: It is most interesting to read about Governor Connally and Texas, and we have gained much geographical knowledge of Texas. We hope you will give us to read in the future stories of other U.S. Governors and the states they govern. We have learned much in such a short time.

U ARIFF

Rangoon, Burma

Sir: Thank you for the enlightenment—I'd say give Texas back to the Indians or the Mexicans or to anyone who would be willing to take it off our hands!

Why should we subsidize, to the tune of \$4 billion, these gun-toting wild men?

ARTHUR J. SCHALLER

Cranston, R.I.

Sir: In all my 28 years of existence, this is the first time I've ever read in a national publication anything that I felt told the true story of Texas.

DONALD CLEVELAND

Brownwood, Texas

Sir: I never was impressed with the state of Texas and find myself less so after reading your cover story on it. For a state that produces so many well-heeled businessmen through an accident of a superabundance of natural resources, it seems ludicrous that so much federal aid is poured into it.

I wonder if L.B.J.'s economy drive will proportionately affect some of the 43 military installations throughout Texas.

CHARLES M. MURTAGH

East Meadow, N.Y.

Sir: Johnny Connally and my brothers used to play together when they were boys, but after Connally left to go to the University of Texas and subsequently into his career, folks like us lost touch, except to hear about him occasionally.

I'm reminded of what my father, an old "Floresville Texan" himself for most of his 76 years, said when Mr. Connally was a candidate for Governor: "Johnny's a good boy; come from a mighty nice family. And I think he'll make a fine Governor—that is, if the politicians haven't learned him to be crooked."

VIRGINIA BAKER GILBERT

Austin, Texas

Sir: You have ingeniously conveyed the complexities of this massive state. One can easily understand that Texas encompasses many cults: the radical right, the untutored rich, and the confused Negro. However, it is important to note that these individual groups are minor compared with the boundless and unified enthusiasm that prevails in Texas.

ROBIN BRENT CLARKE

Rocky River, Ohio

An Anti-Communist

Sir: In your March 23, 1962, issue, you ran an article about politics and business in Guatemala that contained innuendoes about President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes. I am writing you now because of the impact of that article upon this leader,

whose recent publication *My War with Communism* I have just read.

I think you were unkind and unjust to a leader who, long before the rest of the hemisphere, recognized the malignancy of Communism, and at considerable risk to his own political future allowed Guatemala to be used as a training base for the Bay of Pigs invasion. In the common effort to resist the spread of Castro Communism in Central America, the U.S. had and has no stronger supporter or firmer friend than President Ydigoras Fuentes.

ROBERT KING KING

Miami

► TIME, which recognizes a journalistic duty to report the favorable and unfavorable in every country, willingly salutes the anti-Communist efforts of former President Ydigoras Fuentes, wishes him success.—Ed.

Those Fast Foreign Makes

Sir: Regarding new imported-car registrations in your table headed "How They Sold" [Jan. 17], we of the British Motor Corp. have been decidedly pleased with our pace in the past year but did not realize it was so rapid as to be completely invisible.

Had we been included, our M.G. mark would be in third place (ahead of Triumph and just behind Renault).

H. J. L. SUFFIELD

President

The British Motor Corp./Hambro, Inc.
Ridgefield, N.J.

Sir: The statistical figures in your chart seem to imply that the five European makes mentioned therein represent the 1963 top sellers. For your information, the estimated Fiat registrations during 1963 in the U.S. are higher than Mercedes-Benz.

V. GARIBALDI

President

Fiat Motor Co., Inc.
New York City

Courageous Concierges

Sir: Something is missing in your story about concierges [Jan. 17]. During the war, concierges saved people and property. They would run up the service stairway to warn a tenant when they realized that his callers were the Gestapo coming to arrest and deport or execute him (after torture generally, if he was in the Resistance).

When the tenant was away, often the concierge would say that he hadn't left a forwarding address when she knew where he was. Then she would manage to warn him and, moreover, would move by night the valuables in the apartment, hide them at the risk of trouble for herself, and give them back after the war. I know. It happened to me—and with two concierges.

RENÉE GESMAR

New York City

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

What's as handsome as a Grand Prix's outside? A Grand Prix's inside, that's what.

If you can ignore for a moment the crisply sculptured styling that's exclusively Grand Prix, consider what's inside. Ummm-uh! Bucket seats are standard. So's the center console, sporting a tachometer or vacuum gauge to tell you the goings-on in our 389-cu. in. Trophy V-8 engine. There's carpeting door-to-door and right on up the kick panels. Plush. Same goes everywhere you turn. (Underneath it all is Wide-Track, which you can't see but certainly notice the second you stop admiring and start driving.) Now, what looks even better inside a GP than a GP's inside? You. Ask your Pontiac Dealer.





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to none in speed and technology. We've got crack teams of ground crews to see that you take off on the dot. We've got flight crews who range the world, log millions of miles year after year . . . and

still get continuous training sessions.

Even so, we can't guarantee that 8:05 arrival. It might be 7:56. Next trip, in the U. S. or overseas to Europe and beyond, call Trans World Airlines.

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on



TIME, JANUARY 31, 1964



**"WE BROKE ALL OUR COMPANY'S SALES RECORDS
IN THREE MONTHS—SELLING BY LONG DISTANCE!"**

says Cecil Flynn, Manager, Kochton Plywood Div., General Plywood Corp., Indianapolis, Ind.

To build sales volume and reduce sales costs, Kochton Plywood recently began a planned use of Long Distance.

"We now ask customers to call in their orders 'Collect,'" says Mr. Flynn. "We also make daily calls to areas where our trucks will be delivering the next day. The extra

orders we get help to fill up those trucks.

"We've set new sales records—and our telephone costs are one-tenth of our usual selling costs!"

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Talk things over, get things done...by Long Distance!

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

THE BUDGET

Watch Those Lights

"It seems to me that it is a little dark in here," said Lyndon Johnson with feigned surprise to a group of U.S. businessmen at the White House one night last week. "If it is," he added, "it is because of the new budget: we are trying to economize on the light bill."

President Johnson appeared to be economizing on a lot more than the light bill in the fiscal 1965 budget that he sent to Congress last week. Everybody knew well in advance that the President would call for expenditures of \$97.9 billion, down \$500 million from the current budget, and a deficit of \$4.9 billion. He said so in his State of the Union message three weeks ago. But, having already heard the punch line, Congress was anxious to hear the rest of the story. Just how was Lyndon going to do it? House Minority Leader Charlie Halleck thought he had the answer. Snipped he: "With mirrors."

Legerdemain on the Ledgers. Since the Budget and Accounting Act, requiring the President to submit to Congress an annual estimate of receipts and expenditures, was passed in 1921, every Chief Executive has practiced a bit of legerdemain on the ledgers. Johnson is as adept as any at the art, and he has in a measure practiced it in his first budget. A couple of billion-dollar items:

► Assuming that an \$11.5 billion tax cut would be enacted by Feb. 1 (see below), Administration economists estimated a gross national product of \$623 billion, up \$38 billion. That assumption has already been knocked down, and the economists are now figuring on a \$621 billion G.N.P. instead. And since the tax cut will be slower in materializing, so will the projected increases in personal income and corporate profits, which means that 1965's tax revenues will be lower than anticipated.

► A \$1.2 billion cut in agriculture spending is partially based on the fact that wheat farmers, who rejected strict Government production control in a referendum last May, will receive lower price supports. This will save the budget \$528 million. But it will cost the farmers the same amount—and in an election year that adds up to a heap of lost income. Even now the Administration is trying to push through voluntary controls that, if passed, would add hundreds

of millions of dollars to the budget.

There are other feats of bookkeeping. The figure that makes all the headlines is the "administrative budget," but the best indicator of how much the Government is spending is the "national income account budget." It includes several expenditures omitted from the administrative budget, among them a hefty \$29.4 billion item from such Government trust funds as Social Security. Next year's national income account budget: \$121.5 billion, an increase of \$2.4 billion from the current year. The figure would have been even higher but for the Administration's decision to sell off some \$2.3 billion in such federal assets as housing mortgages. G.O.P. Representative Tom Curtis of Missouri, ranking House minority member of the Joint Economic Committee, took note of this disparity and complained that the President had rigged the budget to achieve swift expansion in Election Year 1964.

Over the Hump. The President took the G.O.P.'s criticism in full stride. "You know," he quipped, "you'd think if there was anyone in the world who would be pleased with a lower budget, it would be Republicans." The fact is that Johnson, in the face of built-in budgetary increases that come to \$3 billion a year, was making the first real effort in years to reverse the spending trend. He set forth a philosophy that should indeed have pleased the Republicans. "Our fiscal program," he declared, "will shift emphasis sharply from expanding federal expenditures to boosting private consumer demand and business investment."

President Johnson had the considerable courage to cut hard in defense spending despite the obvious pressures from the military and some areas of industry. Three things helped him achieve a defense cut of more than \$1 billion. First, many of the crash programs launched when Kennedy entered the White House have now been paid for, including the building up of the Army from eleven flabby divisions to 16 combat-ready units. Second, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's cost-reduction program is expected to trim hundreds of millions from the next budget. Finally, as one Pentagon official put it, "we are over the hump in the funding of the large missile systems."

Atlas, Titan and Polaris are near-

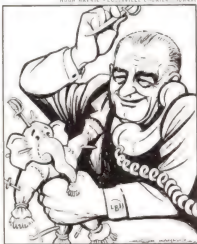


ly all paid up. Atlas is already being phased out; 27 of the hard-to-handle liquid-fueled missiles are scheduled to be removed from "soft" surface sites at California's Vandenberg Air Force Base, Wyoming's Warren A.F.B. and Nebraska's Offutt A.F.B. by mid-1965. New-missile procurement is limited to 50 advanced Minuteman II missiles, capable, with their 9,000-mile range, of hitting Red Chinese targets from sites on the West Coast. Another 950 Minutemen will be in hardened underground emplacements by the end of 1965, and the U.S. also has 176 submarine-borne Polaris missiles. 108 Titans, and a force of up to 1,300 long-range bombers. Said the President: "We are clearly capable of destroying an aggressor even if forced to absorb a first strike. Under these conditions, further substantial increases in our strategic forces would soon be of diminishing value." There are those who disagree

attack on poverty. But the actual new money requested for the attack came to only \$250 million.

What worried some economists about the budget was that expenditures would spurt next year, once the election is out of the way. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon conceded that they "undoubtedly will go up, but I don't know about their going up greatly." He predicted that there would be a deficit next year. But by fiscal 1967, he added, the budget may finally be balanced.

Nothing Too Small. If everybody behaved like Lyndon Johnson, it might even be sooner than that. No item seemed too small for his attention. When a visitor noticed a dime on the floor of the Oval Room and picked it up, the President took it and nonchalantly pocketed it. When Lady Bird flew to Manhattan last week for the premiere of Arthur Miller's new play (*SEE THEATER*), she took the economy hop (\$16.12, including tax), and the President's remark about the light bill was no joke. When Lyndon learned that it ran \$4,600 a month, he nearly hit the chandeliers, ordered his staff to "turn out all those lights when there is no one in the house."



"OH, JUS' SITTING HERE, CUTTING ON THE BUDGET!"

—notably Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis E. LeMay and G.O.P. Presidential Aspirant Barry Goldwater—and there is likely to be an outcry in Congress for more funds.

Balance in Sight. Stung by last year's Donnybrook with Congress over foreign aid, Johnson asked for only \$3.4 billion, the smallest request since the U.S. began pumping Marshall Plan aid into Europe in 1948. Of that total, \$1.2 billion went under the Defense budget, thereby trimming the vulnerable economic aid request to \$2.2 billion and giving Congress a smaller target.

Thanks to the cuts in defense and agriculture, the President was able to beef up outlays for politically attractive welfare programs. As Budget Director Kermit Gordon put it, "Over the past three years we have so improved our military strength that we can direct some money to meet human and domestic needs." Total welfare requests were \$7.7 billion, up \$900 million, and the most heralded item was Johnson's

TAXES

To the Floor

Although every Administration since (and including) that of F.D.R. has had its differences with Virginia's Democratic Senator Harry Byrd, each has discovered that Byrd is no blind obstructionist and that his word is as solid as his beloved Blue Ridge back home. If Lyndon Johnson ever had any doubts about that, Byrd dispelled them last week by releasing the Administration's tax bill from his Senate Finance Committee as promised, even though he personally remains dead set against it.

As expected, Byrd cast one of five votes* against committee approval of the bill. But, impressed by Johnson's budget-cutting efforts, he speeded committee action, let a bill generally similar to one previously approved by the House go to the Senate floor.

\$6 a Week. In both House and Senate versions, the bill—when fully effective in 1965—would cut corporate income tax rates from the present 52% to 48%, mean a saving to firms of \$2.2 billion a year. Individual income rates would range from 14% to 70%, compared with the present range of 20% to 91%. Because of minor differences, the Senate version would yield taxpayers an overall annual saving of about \$11.5 billion and the House version \$12.2 billion. Salary withholding rates would drop from the present 18% to 14% promptly after the President signs the bill. The 14% withholding

rate would mean, for example, that an employee who makes \$200 a week and claims four exemptions would have \$20.80 a week withheld from his paycheck—a drop of \$6 from the present amount.

Only frantic, eleventh-hour activity by the President—and the cooperation of Chairman Byrd—prevented the bill from emerging in a form that would have endangered its prospects of quick Senate approval. Committee Republicans were angered when Louisiana Democrat Russell Long rammed through an amendment that cut some \$30 million off a proposed \$80 million increase in taxes on oil companies. They retaliated by passing amendments to repeal some \$445 million in excise taxes on luggage, jewelry, cosmetics and furs.

Sweeping Reversal. Johnson, worried that the unexpected loss of all of these minor taxes would invite countless other Senators to propose their own pet repeal ideas in Senate debate and unbalance the whole package, expressed his "deep concern" to Byrd and other committee members. With one sweeping motion, the committee then reversed its action on all of the excise taxes, thus restoring them. The vote was 9 to 8, with Byrd backing Johnson. Also lost was a proposed repeal of the 10% theater admissions tax. But the \$50 million hike in oil-firm taxes survived. The House has voted a \$40 million increase.

Although it has been a full year since President Kennedy first proposed his tax bill to Congress, Johnson praised Byrd's committee for demonstrating "the ability of the Congress to respond clearly and promptly to pressing national needs." Byrd, he added, had shown "impartial chairmanship" of the group. But Johnson also warned that each day's delay before final passage "withholds from our economic bloodstream \$30 million, produces business uncertainty, and holds off business investment decisions that would create new jobs."

As the House and Senate versions now stand, the major differences are:

- ▶ The Senate bill would retain local and state gas and auto taxes as items that can be deducted in computing federal income taxes. The House voted to disallow them.
- ▶ The House would lower the long-term capital gains rate from its present 25% to 21%. The Senate bill retains the present rate.
- ▶ The Senate bill would permit a deduction up to \$50 for individuals, \$100 for married couples, for contributions to political candidates. The House made no such provision.
- ▶ The House would require employees to report as taxable income the value of life insurance premiums (not now normally taxed) paid by their employers for coverage exceeding \$30,000. The Senate committee raises the tax-free coverage level to \$70,000.

* The other four negative votes were those of Tennessee Democrat Albert Gore, Republicans John J. Williams of Delaware, Carl Curtis of Nebraska and Wallace Bennett of Utah.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

One Mann & 20 Problems

[See Cover]

"I am a pragmatist, not a dogmatist," says Thomas Clifton Mann. "and I am not a miracle worker." Mann, 51, will need all of his pragmatism and may even have to work a few miracles if he is to succeed in his new job as U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs and President Johnson's top policymaker and adviser on the difficult, demanding world of Latin America.

"We expect to speak with one voice on all matters affecting this hemisphere," said Johnson when he appointed Mann last month. "Mr. Mann will be that voice." Too often in the recent past, U.S. policy toward Latin America, expressed by a babble of confused voices, has been dangerously diluted by a division of responsibilities in Washington. It now becomes Mann's task to bring order and direction to U.S. relations with an immensely important area that is crying out for change.

The "Invisible" Ones. That area is basically one of a relatively few "haves," and millions of "have nots" whose mood ranges from hopeless to revolutionary. Average per capita income is a miserable \$400 a year. Since 1961, seven constitutional governments have been toppled by military coups. Nearly all of Latin America—about 8,500,000 sq. mi. and 220 million people—is teeming with unrest. The "invisible" ones, as Colombian Writer Germán Arciniegas said of the masses, may be at a point where they will make themselves heard in "a consuming fire or a flood of light." And despite jubilant receptions for President Eisenhower when he visited in 1960 and for President Kennedy in 1962, Latin America's feelings toward the U.S. are often far from cordial.

What can the U.S. do? Draws Texan Mann: "Our job is to convince the Latin Americans that their interests lie parallel



MANN & PENTAGON'S CYRUS VANCE ON FLIGHT TO PANAMA

Where the ties are strongest, so is self-interest.

to ours—not because of sentiment, but in their own self-interest. Democracy is a tie in these cases, economics is a tie, and Christianity is another tie. The total of these ties is where our interest lies, and when these ties are strong enough, no Marxist can separate us."

In Different Packages. Welding those ties into something really strong will take a staggering amount of work and imagination. It means selling the idea of constitutional government, for example, to men like a leader in the Dominican Republic who gives this rationale of Latin American politics: "There are only three ways to handle people in Latin America: kill them, jail them or have drinks with them. I prefer the latter, but I am not averse to either of the former if it cannot be avoided." It means selling tax reforms to the wealthy, deeply entrenched oligarchs like the Brazilian industrialist who told a U.S. visitor: "You know, Brazil's growth is based in part on not paying taxes. If we paid, the government would spend it on fool-

ishness like the army. Why do you keep talking about taxes? Taxation is an Anglo-Saxon fetish." Most important of all, it means listening to—and heeding—complaints like this from an Argentinean lawyer: "The U.S. projects one specific policy for the whole of Latin America. What works well in Mexico cannot possibly work effectively in Bolivia. Conditions are basically different. All this has led to a dwindling of U.S. prestige—a tragic fact when you consider the opportunities open to the U.S."

That criticism is all too valid. From Teddy Roosevelt's big-stick diplomacy to Franklin Roosevelt's genial Good Neighbor policy to John Kennedy's ambitious but disappointing *Alianza para el Progreso*, the U.S. has long tended to treat Latin America like an entity. In fact, the area never has been and never will be a package deal.

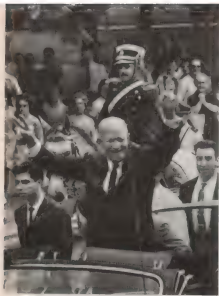
Pragmatist Mann seems to understand this, to realize that Latin America is many lands requiring many approaches. Says he: "Cultures, conditions and problems vary from country to country, and exact conformity is neither practical nor desirable." Each of Latin America's 20 sovereign nations (all but one of them non-Communist) is enmeshed in its own problems, and each offers the U.S. a separate—and by no means equal—foreign policy challenge:

► Panama has been the Latin American crisis spot so far in 1964. Diplomatic relations with the U.S. were broken after riots ostensibly caused by a dispute over how Panamanian and U.S. flags should be flown in the U.S.-controlled Canal Zone. But the dispute goes much deeper than that, stems from burgeoning Panamanian nationalism and long-held resentment about the 1903 treaty that gave the U.S. rights "in perpetuity" over the canal. Panama's President Roberto Chiari insists now that the U.S. must promise to renegotiate the treaty. Tom Mann, who rushed to Panama himself right after the riots, along with then-Army Secretary Cyrus Vance, says the U.S. will be happy to



CASTRO & KHRUSHCHEV AFTER A HUNT

While deals can still be made, agreement to agree.



EISENHOWER IN BUENOS AIRES, 1960
The greetings were jubilant.

discuss the situation, but that it will accept no "preconditions" to the meeting—such as a promise to change the treaty. The crisis is a long way from over, even though a committee of the Organization of American States last week thought it was nearing a temporary solution. Ironically, the current mess might have been eased or delayed had there been a U.S. ambassador in Panama. There was none—nor is there yet. No replacement has been sent for able Ambassador Joseph Farland, who left last August in disgust at Washington policies on foreign aid.

► Cuba remains the bone in the U.S. throat. The U.S. is committed to a relatively inactive policy of trying to isolate Castro from foreign trade. The embargo is not working perfectly by any means, for Britain recently made a trade deal with the Communist dictator.

And last week while Castro was in Moscow, a new Soviet-Cuban trade agreement was announced. In return for the favor, Castro promised to sign the atomic test ban treaty. All the while, he continues to try to export his revolution to other Latin American countries.

► Argentina is wealthy, 92% literate, has relatively good transport and communications systems—and chronic political problems. The government, backed by the military, which threw out the previous freely elected President, has strong nationalistic leanings—some State Department officials are worried that the country could turn to isolationism. The party of exiled Dictator Juan Perón is still a force, but the strength of Castro Communism has declined.

► Bolivia has a liberal, anti-Communist government that gets heavy U.S. aid to ease the threat of a tough Communist Party movement well-stocked with Castro-trained saboteurs.

► Brazil lives in an endless financial crisis, is so deeply in debt to other countries that it is on the brink of bankruptcy. The country's inflation is incredible: prices went up about 85% last year. Much to blame is the government of demagogic President João Goulart, who hints that he would turn to the Soviet Union if the U.S. cut its financial aid. The U.S. continues to pour in money, will probably reschedule all Brazil's debts soon for easier payment.

► Chile's government is conservative, but the popular trend is toward nationalization of copper mines owned by U.S. companies. A powerful and worrisome Communist Party controls 30% of Chilean voters, but Chile remains a solid U.S. friend.

► Colombia has been cursed by a senseless spree of murder and looting that began with a political assassination in 1948, has since claimed more than 200,000 lives. U.S. Army Special

Forces are in Colombia to give advice. Colombia's democratic government is relatively progressive but is less impressive than was the regime of brilliant ex-President Alberto Lleras Camargo, who left office in 1962.

► Costa Rica in prospering under one of Latin America's strongest democratic governments.

► The Dominican Republic has embarrassed the U.S. for decades. After the U.S.-encouraged assassination of Dictator Trujillo in 1961, the U.S. in 1962 ardently supported Author Juan Bosch, an exile for 24 years, in presidential elections. He won, then allowed Dominican Communists to organize openly and proved to be inept. Fed up, the Dominican army threw Bosch out, but the U.S.—with a fixed policy in favor of constitutional government even when it is bad—broke off relations with the junta. Later it got promises that there would be free elections, and relations were restored. But U.S. Ambassador John Bartlow Martin, primary backer of Bosch, resigned, and a new ambassador has not yet been named.

► Ecuador's military leaders last year ousted liquor-loaded President Carlos Arosemena, now promise free elections in 1965. The government is friendly to the U.S., recently headed off a blooming Castro-Communist movement.

► El Salvador has a good democratic-reformist government, is prospering, gets powerful U.S. support and aid.

► Guatemala's President Miguel Ydígoras Fuentes was ousted by a military junta last spring. Despite the fact that Ydígoras is a long and fervent foe of Communism, the junta saw the possibility that Communists would take over in approaching elections. The new government got quick U.S. recognition and now, with free elections promised, is promoting a string of democratic reforms.

► Haiti's murderous Dictator François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier survived efforts, applauded by the U.S., to overthrow him last spring, looked on with stony satisfaction last month when the U.S. quietly resumed full diplomatic relations. His country is poverty-stricken and in a state of chaos.

► Honduras is run by a junta that took over in a barracks-room coup last October. The U.S. severed relations and cut off aid money, then restored it all after a promise of free elections.

► Mexico's democratic President Adolfo López Mateos is one of the U.S.'s warmest friends, and since last year's settlement of the century-old dispute over the Chamizal border strip (negotiated by Tom Mann while ambassador to Mexico), the friendship has never been warmer. But Mexico maintains diplomatic relations with Cuba and is neutral in the U.S.-Cuba conflict.

► Nicaragua, although it has an elected President, is run by the U.S.-inclined Somoza family, which owns outright a great part of the nation.

► Paraguay's "elected" Dictator Alfredo Stroessner has instituted some dem-



WOUNDED PANAMANIAN RIOTER BEING DRAGGED TO SAFETY (1964)
Time for the U.S. to speak with a single voice.

ocratic reforms—under U.S. urging—and seems to be a reliable friend.

► Peru elected a liberal government last summer, after a military junta had ruled for a year. The U.S. is leary of the possibility that Peruvians may want to nationalize some of the rich oil industry now owned by U.S. companies.

► Uruguay's middle-riding nine-man governing council is on the best of terms with the U.S.

► Venezuela's powerful President Rómulo Betancourt, one of the U.S.'s finest friends, steps out of power this year. He will be replaced by Raúl Leoni, who was elected last fall despite vicious terrorist tactics of Castro Communists. Venezuela is one of Latin America's most progressive democratic countries, but the U.S. is worried that Leoni may prove to be not so strong as Betancourt.

Speaking in Tex-Mex. From this turmoil of differing governments, personalities, politics, ethics and economics, Tom Mann will try to produce a viable set of policies for U.S. action and reaction in the months ahead. A solid (5 ft. 10 in., 180 lbs.), firm-jawed man who likes to call himself "a country lawyer from Texas," he has spent his entire lifetime in dealings, both personal and professional, with Latin America.

Born in Laredo, with a population that was 85% Mexican-American, Mann grew up speaking both English and a border-town pidgin Spanish called Tex-Mex. His father was a lawyer who "laid down very stern standards about ethics and the law in our house." The family code was backed by the austere beliefs of the Southern Baptist Church ("We didn't even play cards"). In high school, young Mann was chosen "most popular boy" in his senior year, scored well enough in his studies (all A's and B's), but is best remembered as a diminutive (138 lbs.) quarterback who led Laredo to an undefeated 1927 season by singing out his signals in a mixture of English and Spanish, to the vast confusion of monolingual opponents.

At Baylor University he met Nancy Aynesworth, daughter of a prominent Waco, Texas, physician. They were married in 1933 during Mann's senior year at Baylor Law School and went to Laredo, where Tom went into practice with his father and brothers for \$100 a month. Then came Pearl Harbor, and Tom drove 150 miles to Corpus Christi to join the Navy. When he took his physical exam, he found he couldn't even read the largest E on the eye chart. "I had read so much in preparing those appellate cases," he says, "that I had a muscle-freeze in my eyes. The Navy wouldn't take me, and I felt pretty despondent. I was 29, and I wanted to do something for my country."

He volunteered to do legal work for the State Department, wound up in Montevideo, Uruguay, keeping a cloak-without-dagger eye on Nazi shipping in the area. Within a year he was recalled to the State Department in Washington, was made a divisional assistant in charge of "economic warfare in Latin America"

—watching Axis business operations in the whole area. Just before the war ended, Mann went to Mexico City for the Chapultepec Conference. That meeting set down the concept for a U.S.-Latin American defense plan that was to become the Rio Treaty of 1947—still the Western Hemisphere's key joint-defense document.

Starting Over. Ever since, Mann has been close to Latin American affairs. In 1947, he let Spruille Braden, then Harry Truman's Assistant Secretary of State for American Republic Affairs, talk him into joining the U.S. foreign service at a 40% pay cut—from the \$11,000 he got in his special State Department civilian rank to \$7,000 as a regular foreign service officer. "I started all over again as a second secretary at the embassy in Caracas," recalls Mann. He turned in a fine job, was recalled to Washington and in 1950 was made a deputy assistant secretary. "I was called a 'Truman-Acheson Democrat' at that time," he remembers. "Later, I was called an 'Eisenhower appointee,' and now I hear they call me a 'crony of the President.'"

Those were tough, frustrating times for State Department careerists in Washington, and in 1953 Mann got "fed up with all the McCarthy stuff," asked for an overseas assignment, went to Athens as embassy counselor. But even if he had wanted to, Mann could not shake his reputation as an expert on Latin America. A Communist-riddled government, with President Jacobo Arbenz as the front man, had taken over Guatemala. The State Department began its strategy—to isolate the country under the Rio Treaty. But at the same time the Central Intelligence Agency plunged ahead with a plot to back an armed assault on Arbenz' gang by Guatemalan exiles from neighboring Honduras and Nicaragua. Mann was summoned from Athens for a consultation, heard both plans, favored



KENNEDY IN MEXICO CITY, 1962

But the feelings are not always cordial.

the CIA. "I was an activist in that case," he recalls. A short time later, the U.S.-backed exiles stormed into Guatemala City, ousted Arbenz.

Mann was offered the ambassador's post in Guatemala but turned it down because "I didn't feel I was really qualified by age or service experience." He went instead as deputy chief of mission to Guatemala, a year later was named ambassador to El Salvador, and in 1957 returned to Washington to serve with Douglas Dillon, then Ike's Deputy Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs.

Symbol of Victory. The years of the Latin American revolution were at hand. One of the first inklings of the deep and dangerous emotions brewing in Latin America came in 1958, when Vice President Richard Nixon was nearly killed under a rain of saliva, stones and sticks



STREET FIGHTING IN HONDURAS AFTER MILITARY COUP (1963)
Will the answer be consuming fire, or a flood of light?

during a visit to Caracas. The U.S. was shocked, frightened, incredulous at such fierce hatred from a supposedly Good Neighbor. A few months later, Fidel Castro and his followers swept out of the hills of Oriente province in Cuba and overthrew the cruel regime of Dictator Fulgencio Batista. No sooner had he taken over than Castro turned dictator himself, began slaughtering those who had opposed him. Even in his scurrilous attacks on the U.S., Castro became an idol to many Latin Americans, for they saw him as a heroic nationalist—a symbol of victory by the oppressed.

In a faltering way, the U.S. set out to meet the situation. It loosened up its economic policies, made loans easier to get. In 1960, with decisive U.S. support, the Inter-American Development Bank was set up, with a \$1 billion lending capacity. Then Dwight Eisenhower went before the Congress and asked for \$500 million that would be spent on projects "designed to contribute to opportunities for a better way of life for the individual citizens of the countries of Latin America."

The dream of a Latin America prospering with U.S. help seemed on the way to becoming reality. And with the arrival of the Kennedy Administration in 1961 came the brightest hopes of all. During his campaign, Kennedy talked at length and with devastating political effectiveness about the "battlefield" of Latin America and about its being "the most critical area in the world." But in practice, the Kennedy Administration's Latin American policy proved to be more a proliferation of personnel than of promises kept.

The Crowded Act. Mann himself was then Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Around and about him was a "task force" headed by aging, imperious Adolf Berle, a Latin expert under F.D.R. There was also a youthful White House speechwriter,



MANN WHILE IN HIGH SCHOOL
"Most popular boy."

Richard Goodwin, whom John Kennedy fancied as a real idea man about Latin America. Berle and Goodwin superimposed their decisions and advice on those State Department regulars, and there is little doubt that one reason for the Bay of Pigs invasion fiasco was the number of fingers dipping into the Cuban problem. U.S. policy toward Latin America was in a state of confusion, conflict and frustration. Once more Mann asked to get out, soon left for the ambassador's post in Mexico.

For months there was no Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Then Kennedy brought in Robert Woodward, a career diplomat. He lasted a year. In the meantime, Harvard Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. joined Goodwin in making White House policy to go along with the State Department policy Berle was making and the programs put forth by the CIA and the Defense Department. Bobby Kennedy

tried a trip to Latin America; so did Adlai Stevenson and Kennedy himself. Eventually, Edwin Martin was made Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. He served until President Johnson, in his first major appointment, returned Mann to the job he had left nearly three years before and sent Martin off as ambassador to Argentina.

During this entire period, the *Alianza para el Progreso* remained the top conversational subject in U.S.-Latin American relations. The *Alianza* pledged \$20 billion in aid (mostly U.S.) over ten years, plus a highly ambitious investment of another \$8 billion annually from Latin American business and government. As its goal, the *Alianza* aimed at increasing the per-capita growth rate of each country by a whopping 2.5% a year. To get the cash, each Latin American country would submit a blueprint for social reforms—from schools to housing to tax collection to cutting up the wealthy landowners' huge holdings for small farmers' use.

So far, the *Alianza* has fallen far short of its promises. Few governments have accomplished much toward real reforms; yet nearly all have collected millions of dollars—as "emergency loans." Said Alfonso Gumucio Reyes, Bolivia's Minister of Economy: "To speak the truth, I am not satisfied with the *Alianza*. It is an engine that is idling. Did it raise too much hope? Kennedy suggested that a miracle was about to happen. But unless this sense of urgency is duly acknowledged, it will be difficult to stem the masses' loss of faith."

Two Kinds of Nationalism. Thomas Mann, the Texas pragmatist, still thinks there is hope. "I believe in the *Alianza*," he says, "But we must not believe that it is going to solve all problems. It is not a panacea. Countries lacking a good internal structure cannot expect to prosper with *Alianza* help—or, for that matter, with all the money in the world. Each country has to be studied as an individual case with individual idiosyncrasies and approaches. Our intention is to work with anybody who seriously wants to survive."

Mann believes that the real hope for a peaceful, prosperous Latin America in the future lies beyond the *Alianza*—in each nation's pride in itself. Says he: "There are two kinds of nationalism atoot in Latin America. The first kind, I believe, is the best bulwark we've got against the Communists, and the Latin American who doesn't sense it isn't doing his country a bit of good. This kind of nationalism means knowing who you are and for what your country stands. But there's another kind—xenophobic nationalism. This is what can impede the achievement of the *Alianza* goals: xenophobic nationalism tears down all that the hemisphere stands for. When people in this hemisphere believe that their country's interests lie on a parallel course with another—like ours—then we have a coincidence of interest. And that is the only means for solid understanding."



MANN AT SIGNING OF CHAMIZAL PACT WITH MEXICAN FOREIGN MINISTER TELLO
The friendship has never been warmer.

THE CONSTITUTION

The 24th Amendment

South Dakota last week became the 38th state to ratify the 24th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, thereby making it the law of the land. The operative clause of the new amendment:

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote in any primary or other election for President or Vice President, for electors for President or Vice President, or for Senator or Representative in Congress shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State by reason of failure to pay any poll tax or other tax."

Most states have already abolished laws that imposed taxes as a qualification for voting. The new amendment now cancels such laws still on the books of five states: Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas and Virginia.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Virtues of Talking Back

Flying to Southeast Asia in 1961 on one of his first foreign-policy assignments from President Kennedy, Vice President Lyndon Johnson was nervous and irritable. He vented his sensitivities on staffers, particularly on Carl T. Rowan, the press adviser the State Department had assigned to accompany him. Several times Johnson berated Rowan in front of newsmen. Several times Rowan talked right back.

In a somewhat less public scrap, Rowan took exception to a sentence in a joint communiqué that Johnson was to propose to India's Prime Minister Nehru. Warned Rowan: "It's condescending and Nehru won't like it." Johnson forcefully disagreed. But sure enough, Nehru threw the paper on the floor when he read the offending line. Later, Johnson said to Rowan: "You were right. Just keep getting up when I knock you down." Then in obvious reference to the fact that Rowan is a Negro, Johnson added: "But I guess I needn't tell you that—you're used to getting kicked around."

Out of that trip, and even out of their argument, Johnson and Rowan developed a mutual respect. And so last week, Johnson appointed Rowan, 38, to be director of the U.S. Information Agency—an appointment that is likely to please Negro voters this fall. He will succeed Edward R. Murrow, 55, who resigned to recuperate from an operation for lung cancer.

Why Expose Dunchills? A charming man when he chooses to be, Rowan was born of impoverished parents in McMinnville, Tenn., left home in 1942 for college and became, at 19, one of the first Negroes to earn a Navy commission. After getting a master's degree in journalism from the University of Minnesota, he was hired by the Minneapolis Tribune as a copyreader, finally argued his way into a reporting job. The Tribune sent Rowan—long before racial strife was top news—into the

South to see how much things had progressed for the Negro since Rowan was a boy. Rowan found that not much had changed. With typical pungency, he wrote: "You do not expose racial hatred and social and economic injustices any more than you expose a fresh dung-hill; you tell Americans that it exists and wait until the wind blows in their direction." Rowan's reporting, at home and abroad, won national awards; he wrote four books, became a popular lecturer, earned some \$40,000 a year. But he left all that in 1961 for an \$18,000-a-year State Department job.

The "Right to Know." At State, Rowan continued to speak out. At the height of a furor over management of news by Government officials, Rowan urged newsmen to keep "responsible pressure" on those bureaucrats who are

ception. There's a latent decency in the American conscience. But it takes this militancy to arouse it."

The fact that his new job will make him the most influential Negro in the U.S. Government impresses Rowan—up to a point. "That the President would ask me—a Negro—to take on a job of this magnitude is another mark of the increasing greatness of this country. But I expect to be the director of this agency, and not a Negro director."

INVESTIGATIONS

Bobby's Busyness

The Senate committee investigation of the affairs of former Senate Majority Secretary Bobby Gene Baker has hardly set a scorching pace. But last week the committee did release closed-



USIA'S ROWAN & FRIEND
"Just keep getting up."

"seared to death of the press." But at the same time, said Rowan, too many newsmen are "scoop conscious" and "far more concerned about their reputations than about how well informed the American public is." When the House Subcommittee on Government Information criticized Rowan as "an official with an admitted distrust for the people's right to know," Rowan called the committee report "maliciously misleading," and added: "The public indeed has a right to know—in this case a right to know more of the truth than this subcommittee saw fit to give."

After his appointment last March as U.S. Ambassador to Finland, Rowan fascinated the Finns with his outspoken talk about U.S. racial problems. And on racial matters, Rowan is understandably militant. "No people I can recall in history ever got their freedom on a silver platter," he says. "The Negro is no ex-

door testimony taken earlier this month from Don B. Reynolds, a Maryland insurance man and longtime Baker business associate. It made Bobby out to be a busy, busy boy—from dabbling in abortion to procuring gifts for Lyndon Baines Johnson.

"If Anyone Should Know..." Reynolds testified that he had made Bobby a nominal officer of his insurance brokerage, over ten years had paid Baker some \$15,000 for putting him in touch with the right people. When other, non-insurable problems came up, Baker was still a good man to know. Once, said Reynolds, a client called him for help in getting an abortion for a friend. Reynolds got in touch with Bobby, who gave him a Capitol number for his concerned client to call. Whether the abortion was actually performed, Reynolds did not know. But, he said, "Some time later, 'Mrs. X' [the client] called and thanked me." Why, asked Committee

Counsel Lennox McLendon, had Reynolds turned to Baker for advice about an abortion? Replied Reynolds: "I felt if anyone should know, he should, sir."

Baker also steered Reynolds to Lyndon Johnson. That was in 1957, only two years after Senate Majority Leader Johnson had suffered a heart attack. The Senator was having trouble finding an insurance company that would give him life insurance. Reynolds went looking on Johnson's behalf, talked to three companies, and finally found that the Manhattan Life Insurance Co. would write the policy. Manhattan issued a first policy of \$50,000, and shortly afterward, when it had covered part of its risk through a reinsurance company, issued another policy of \$50,000 for Johnson.

Out of Gratitude. In the course of those negotiations, Reynolds said, it was suggested to him by Walter Jenkins, then and now a top Johnson aide, that



PRESIDENTIAL AIDE JENKINS
Time to advertise.

he buy advertising time on Lady Bird Johnson's radio-TV station in Austin. Reynolds said he bought \$1,208 worth of advertising on the station.

"Did you buy this advertising time to advertise your insurance business?" asked Nebraska's Republican Senator Carl T. Curtis.

Reynolds: No, sir.

Curtis: Why did you buy it?

Reynolds: Because it was expected of me, sir.

Curtis: Who conveyed that thought to you?

Reynolds: Mr. Walter Jenkins.

Reynolds told the committee that in 1959 Bobby Baker suggested that Reynolds might further show his gratitude by giving a stereo phonograph to the Johnson family. Again Reynolds went along. "I supplied Bobby with a catalogue," said Reynolds, "and he said he had taken it out for Mrs. Johnson to make a selection." Reynolds told the committee that he purchased a set and had it installed in Johnson's home at a cost of \$588. Did Johnson know, asked West Virgin-

ia's Democratic Senator Robert Byrd, that the stereo was a gift from Reynolds? Replied Reynolds: "The invoice delivered to Johnson's home showed that the charges were to be sent to Don Reynolds." It was two years later, said Reynolds, that Johnson purchased another \$100,000 in life insurance through him (for a total of \$200,000).

In answer to all this, White House Aide Jenkins swore in an affidavit that he had no knowledge "of any arrangement by which Reynolds purchased time on the TV station." Press Secretary Pierre Salinger said that the President had assumed the stereo to be a gift from "a longtime employee," not Reynolds. And President Johnson, in the course of an impromptu press conference, brought up the matter himself. Said he: "The Baker family gave us a stereo set. We used it for a period, and we had exchanged gifts before. He was an employee of the public and had no business pending before me and was asking for nothing, and so far as I know expected nothing in return, any more than I did when I had presented him with gifts." With that, Johnson cut off questions and left the press conference.

A Difference. Republicans, understandably, had a field day with the Reynolds testimony. G.O.P. National Chairman William Miller called the stereo gift "an atrocious thing and a travesty of justice." Said Delaware's Republican Senator John J. Williams: "I see no difference in the acceptance of an expensive stereo and in the acceptance of a mink or vicuña coat, a deep freeze or an Oriental rug."

There was, in fact, a difference. On the basis of the record so far, neither Johnson nor Baker was guilty of using his public office for private gain. In the Reynolds deal, Johnson got what he wanted: some personal life insurance. Reynolds also got what he wanted: his insurance commissions.

Still, the Baker probe was just getting started, and Washington was alive with reports that the names of Bobby Baker and Lyndon Johnson would be even more closely connected.

For the Defense

Jack Ruby's lawyers last week laid out the strategy for getting him off scot-free from the most widely viewed killing in world history. It was only a bail hearing in Dallas' criminal court, but in its course the lawyers clearly showed their intent to prove that Ruby—shot Lee Harvey Oswald while temporarily insane from the shock of President Kennedy's assassination. If Chief Counsel Melvin Belli can prove that—and prove as well that Ruby is now recovered—it is possible that, under Texas law, Ruby could be a free man.

The bulk of the testimony at the bail hearing came from defense witnesses who have examined Ruby since his imprisonment. Chief among them were Yale Psychologist Roy Schafer and New York Psychiatrist Walter Bromberg. According to Schafer, Ruby has an IQ

of 109—meaning that he tests higher in intelligence than 73% of the population. But he also suffers from brain damage that results in a kind of epilepsy which produces blackouts and loss of self-control. "There were frequent occasions of mild confusion," said Schafer, describing the 9½-hour series of tests that he gave Ruby. "His speech was loose. Some statements were almost incoherent. His perception of some test items was grossly distorted. Some of the ideas he entertained were peculiar and inappropriate, with elements of absurdity he was not aware of. He has an inability to think hypothetically. Often there is only one answer for him that can be right. He had difficulty in using abstractions, even the abstract words of everyday life such as 'tool' and 'food'."

Big Guy. Psychiatrist Bromberg interviewed members of Ruby's family as well as Ruby, constructed a vivid pic-



INSURANCE BROKER REYNOLDS
Took the hint.

ture of a fellow battled since childhood. Ruby's parents were separated when he was twelve. His father was a "heavy drinker"; his mother was committed to a mental hospital. In brawls, he twice received severe head injuries, once from a pistol handle. He lost the tip of his left index finger after somebody bit it to the bone. "He thinks he's tough," said Bromberg. "He is a fighter—geared to attack all his life." But he is also subject to "basic emotional instability so severe that occasionally he breaks out crying for no apparent reason."

Bromberg noted that though Ruby telephoned his sister after Kennedy was killed and said, "I will have to leave Dallas—Dallas is ruined," he cheered up considerably by hanging around police headquarters after Oswald's capture. He felt "like a big guy, being in with the police." Ruby's feeling toward Kennedy, explained Bromberg, approached "a love that passed beyond a rational appreciation of a great man, coming out of his unconscious." His killing of Oswald "was in response to

an irresistible impulse. His knowledge of right and wrong was obliterated at the time of the crime."

Brain Waves. Between courtroom sessions, Ruby held an impromptu press conference in which he kept licking his lips, started by speaking coherently, and ended up in tears. "I am very upset about the whole affair," he said. "They've been using the word angry about me, and that word is not in my vocabulary, I never have used the word in my life." He was neither irrational nor incoherent when reporters questioned him about stories that he and Oswald had been mixed up in a sinister plot and that even Fidel Castro had played a role in the event. Said Ruby: "I never talked to Oswald in my life, and I never saw him before, and I never knew him in my life." He admitted that he had been in Cuba in 1959, but said that he had gone there only for a vacation. He did have a plan to export Jeeps and other goods to Cuba. "I wanted to get out of the beer business," he said. He saw no reason for not trying to do business with Castro as the situation then existed. After all, he observed quite logically, no less a figure than Jack Paar had gone to Havana to conduct some friendly interviews with Fidel.

As last week's hearing turned out, Ruby did not get bold. Instead, the court appointed three psychiatrists who will perform neuropsychiatric tests—brain wave, spinal taps, blood serology—to determine if Ruby is suffering from physical, brain-destroying diseases.

DEMOCRATS

Where the Gold Is

Smiling, relaxed and seemingly confident, Ohio's Democratic Senator Stephen Young flew into Columbus for a pleasant formality—endorsement for re-election by his party's state convention. Young, 74, visited a few longtime friends, got a good night's sleep, and next day delivered a convention keynote speech larded with catch phrases about "the united Democratic Party of Ohio." Without even waiting for the convention vote, he returned to Washington.

What happened after that in Columbus did not leave Ohio's Democratic Party very united. In a convention floor brawl, supporters of Astronaut John Glenn Jr., who had announced only three days before as a Democratic candidate for Young's seat, managed to withhold the endorsement from Young, or anyone else, and turn the state's May 5 Democratic senatorial primary into a bitter scramble.

"Playing It by Ear." "We had no battle plan, no set procedure for working the convention," said a Glenn backer. "What happened was mostly playing it by ear." That's mainly how Space Hero Glenn himself played it. While Incumbent Young relaxed, Glenn telephoned at least 70 convention delegates. Because Glenn is still a Government employee (his resignation from the Marine Corps will be effective March 1),

the Hatch Act precluded active convention politicking. But he received a stream of delegates in his hotel suite, where he signed autographs, flashed his famous grin and made his pitch.

Fearing that they might permanently alienate Young loyalists, the Glenn men never pushed for an outright endorsement for their candidate. Instead, Richard Christiansen, Democratic minority whip in the Ohio House, rose on the convention floor to challenge a committee report calling for endorsement of a single candidate. "When we have two great Americans seeking election as Senator, we should not endorse one to the exclusion of the other," he cried. In a roll call taken amid tumultuous shouting, the convention voted 343 to 328 against endorsing any candidate. That amounted to a victory for Glenn, and his backers swiftly moved for adjournment. Again they won.

TV & Women. Some voices were raised in doubt. The Toledo Blade, for one, editorialized that Glenn has about as much right to run for the Senate as Young does to become an astronaut. But, judged one Ohio Republican worriedly. "He's where the gold is. With television and women today and with a guy looking like a young Eisenhower, you've got to say he's strong."

Certainly Glenn will need strength. Young has served notice that he intends to fight. Whoever wins that encounter will probably face Robert Taft Jr. in the general election. And Taft, who possesses a politically potent name and who has served his political apprenticeship in both the Ohio legislature and the U.S. Congress, may be even tougher to beat than outer space.

REPUBLICANS

Getting Personal

The campaign for the Republican presidential nomination was getting personal.

Barry Goldwater, who spent three days campaigning in New Hampshire last week, complained that Nelson Rockefeller, immediately prior to President Kennedy's assassination and the 30-day political moratorium that followed, had issued misleading statements about Goldwater's views on such subjects as the income tax and the United Nations. "It hurt me because I couldn't do anything to set the record straight on these issues during the moratorium," said Goldwater. Moreover, he insisted that Rocky's own views were downright Democratic. "I've been surprised," he said, "at the number of President Johnson's points Rockefeller agrees with and supports."

"I Can't Tell You." As he had shown before, Goldwater was impressive when enunciating his general principles. But when pressed for details, he tended to weaken. Thus, in Wolfeboro, he insisted that the cost of U.S. Government could and should be cut by \$5 billion to \$7 billion. But when it came to what reductions should be made, he



BARRY & WIFE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

From weak details . . .

faltered. "I can't tell you where there is fat," he said. "But I have definite suspicions as to where it is."

Governor Rockefeller, who sent his \$2.9 billion pay-as-you-go budget to the New York state legislature last week, spent only half a day in New Hampshire—but he drew good crowds and peppered them with some scathing references to Goldwater's campaign. "There is nothing so powerful as truth," he said. "I think it's just about time we had some truth in this campaign." He called for "an end to the attempt to distort, to deceive and to trick" Republicans into voting for a candidate who did not measure up to such G.O.P. heroes as Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt and



ROCKY SPEAKING TO YOUNG REPUBLICANS
... to scathing attacks.

Eisenhower. Sometimes quoting from Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative*, Rocky ridiculed Goldwater's views on foreign policy, the income tax and the U.N. Concluded he: "Unless you get mad about deceit, distortion and downright lying, I can accomplish nothing beyond making friends."

Always in the Ring. Having thus denounced his foremost announced rival, Rockefeller could feel complete. Earlier in the week, before going to Washington to speak to a convention of Young Republicans, he had had some scornful words about an unannounced opponent, Richard Nixon, he said sarcastically, is "lurking in the wings ready to make the supreme sacrifice."

Nixon was, indeed, appearing increasingly available. "I never wear a hat," he said half jokingly to an interviewer, "so it must always be in the ring." Among other top G.O.P. presidential possibilities, Michigan's Governor George Romney received a polite reception from the Young Republicans in Washington, and Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton got a brusque brushoff from Goldwater. Recently Scranton asked Barry to make no attempt to win convention delegates from Pennsylvania, Scranton explained that he wants his state's delegation to go to the San Francisco convention uncommitted. But Goldwater declined to cooperate. Said he: "I'm not going to interfere with anyone in Pennsylvania who wants to do anything on my behalf."

ILLINOIS

True to Form

When Charles Harting Percy sets out to do something, he doesn't kid around. His skyrocket rise has become folklore in the business world: at 16, he was a clerk in Chicago's camera-making Bell & Howell Co.; at 23, a board member; at 29, president. In all this, of course, he had to have a bit of luck.

When Chuck Percy, now 44, announced last summer that he would seek the Republican nomination for Governor of Illinois, it was a safe bet that he would go after it furiously. He did. Hitting the campaign trail in a bus dubbed the "Chuckwagon," which was chuck-full with Percy, his wife and five kids and an eight-piece band, he rolled into every corner of the state, showed up at no less than 43 county fairs to pump acres of hands, spent 18-hour days plugging his candidacy.

But for all his energetic activities, Percy figured to run a poor second in the April 14 Illinois Republican primary against Secretary of State Charles Carpenter, 67. One of his problems was that he looked pretty liberal to Illinois' Goldwater Republicans, no matter how hard he tried to show that he didn't dislike Barry. Then, last week, there came that bit of Percy Luck, Carpenter withdrew from the contest on account of illness. Suffering from what he thought was an old stomach ailment, Carpenter



CANDIDATE PERCY & ADMIRERS
Chuck's wagon was rolling.

entered a hospital, was told that he had had a mild heart attack. Even though State Treasurer William Scott, 37, then jumped into the race, Chuck Percy now was clearly running well ahead.

MISSISSIPPI

"God Bless Everyone"

During his campaign for Governor, Mississippi's Democratic Lieutenant Governor Paul Burney Johnson Jr. rarely stopped talking about race. "Either you believe in states' rights, home rule," he told one rural rally, "or you believe in turning over this state to a black minority." He got surefire belly laughs with his definition of the N.A.A.C.P. as a combine of "niggers, alligators, apes, coons and possums."

So, when Johnson was inaugurated last week as the state's 54th Governor, folks expected more of the same. They were surprised: Johnson's inaugural ad-

dress was the epitome of moderation.

"You and I are part of this world, whether we like it or not," he told the sun-drenched Capitol lawn crowd at Jackson. "We are Americans as well as Mississippians." While he is Governor, Johnson vowed, "hate, prejudice or ignorance will not lead Mississippi." He would oppose what he felt was morally and constitutionally wrong. "But if I must fight, it will not be a rearward defense of yesterday. It will be an all-out assault for our share of tomorrow." Johnson's peroration was equally surprising. Said he: "God bless every one of you, all Mississippians, black and white, here and away from home."

Now all he has to do is live up to such sentiments—and in Mississippi, that is easier said than done.

THE CONGRESS

Whether to Debate What's Up for Debate When It's Up for Debate

Said Idaho's Democratic Senator Frank Church: "The Senate has been engaged in a debate as to whether the Senate should debate what is up for debate when it is up for debate." What Church was talking about was a proposed change in the Senate's rules. It would require that each working day the Senate devote at least three hours to debate germane to the bill before it as the scheduled order of business.

This revolutionary notion had been proposed by Rhode Island's Democratic Senator John Pastore. When his resolution got to the Senate floor three weeks ago, it was sidetracked almost immediately by, of all things, extraneous debate. Last week the Senate took it up again, and Pastore made a brief but impassioned speech on its behalf. No sooner was he finished than other Senators started talking on all manner and matter of other things.

Finally, late in the day, Pastore noted that "only three measly minutes" had been devoted to debate on the pending business—his resolution to hold debate to the pending business. Church called it "an indication of how this institution seems to be sinking into a quagmire, in which it thrashes about like a dinosaur about to become extinct."

Next day the Senate waxed a bit more germane. Georgia Democrat Richard Russell, an opponent of the resolution, pointed out that the rule could easily be sidestepped. If the Senate was debating an atomic energy bill, Russell suggested, and a Senator wanted to talk about cheese made from cow's milk, "all he would have to do would be to offer an amendment providing that 'nothing in this bill shall be construed to affect the price of cheese in Borneo.'" Agreed Pastore: "No matter what rule or law is passed or invented by the ingenuity of man, it is subject to violation." So noting, the Senate passed the resolution, 57 to 25.



GOVERNOR JOHNSON
His sentiments were new.

THE WORLD

EAST AFRICA

The Rise of the Rifles

In their maroon tarbooshes and crisp khakis, the King's African Rifles stood tough and tall in the front rank of Britain's far-flung battle line. Whether the enemy was a spear-swinging Somali *shifra* or a Japanese marine behind a clattering Nambu machine gun, the well-disciplined askaris of the K.A.R. could be counted on to attack as ordered. Last week, from the headwaters of the Nile to the beaches of the Indian Ocean, the Rifles were barking again. But this time their muzzles were trained on British troops and their own recently independent governments.

The chain of army mutinies that rocked East Africa like an earthquake had its epicenter in Zanzibar, where bloody revolution sent shock waves rumbling up and down the Great Rift. Before the aftershocks subsided, the British Commonwealth governments of Tanganyika, Uganda and Kenya had been severely shaken.

Anarchy's Victory. The first mutiny erupted in Tanganyika's capital of Dar es Salaam, and gunfire rattled through that humid "Haven of Peace" for the first time since German gunboats held target practice there during World War I, when Tanganyika was part of German East Africa. Before it died away, at least 20 Tanganyikans were dead, whole blocks of the Arab and Indian quarters lay in ruins, and President Julius Nyerere's government—once considered East Africa's most stable—had been seriously discredited. The mutiny was made possible by Nyerere's decision to send 300 crack Tanganyikan cops to Zanzibar to help restore order there. No sooner had they left than the 1,600 African enlisted men of the Tanganyika Rifles rose with machine guns, mortars and grenades, arrested their British officers and noncoms, then defied their commander in chief to do something about it.

The rising grew out of a "misunderstanding." Five weeks ago, Nyerere put an end to the national policy of Africanization, under which black Tanganyikans were given government job preference over Europeans, Arabs and Asians. To the African troops, this sounded as if Nyerere was winking on his promise to send British officers home later this year and put black officers in charge. They also wanted their basic pay increased from \$14.84 a month to \$36.40—roughly the equivalent of what dockworkers were making in Dar es Salaam.

Months, Even Years. Mutinous troops from the Colito barracks outside Dar quickly grabbed key points in the city, and as rioters raged through the streets, Nyerere went into hiding. Fearing a coup,

he dispersed his Cabinet to prevent arrest, sent Defense and External Affairs Minister Oscar Kambona, a hard-working leftist, to negotiate with the mutineers. Kambona got the troops back to their barracks only by sending the British officers and men out of the country and promising to look into the pay question. But it was a victory for anarchy, and no one was more aware of that fact than Nyerere. He emerged nervous and shamefaced at midweek to tour his torn capital, found himself unable even to reprimand his cocky army for fear of a new revolt. The mustache, mild-mannered ex-schoolteacher had been proud that in the 17-year struggle for Tanganyikan independence not a single life had been lost. Now he said sadly: "It will take months and even

perilists" called for British aid. Within the hour, 450 troops from the Staffordshire Regiment and the Scots Guards were winging in from Kenya. As they took positions at the Entebbe airport and in the capital, Obote agreed to discuss the mutineers' demands, and order was restored.

In Kenya, Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta already had begun to fear that his Kenya Rifles might be the next to rebel. With so much of Kenya's British contingent on duty in Uganda, he asked London for additional troops. Immediately, the 700 Royal Marine Commandos of Britain's home-based strategic reserve were bundled onto Africa-bound planes. But before they arrived, Kenyatta's fears were realized. Mutinous troops of the Kenya Rifles sta-



TANGANYIKA'S NYERERE AFTER MUTINY
With the aid of fireworks and a single bazooka.

years to erase from the mind of the world what it has heard about the events this week."

Short-lived Triumph. Even as he spoke, the infection of mutiny was spreading. At Jinja, neighboring Uganda's second largest city located at the headwaters of the Nile some 50 miles east of the Kampala capital, two companies of the Uganda Rifles followed the example set by their former brothers-in-arms. They locked up their British officers and demanded a pay hike similar to that which the Tanganyikan troops had asked for. When Prime Minister Apollo Milton Obote sent his Internal Affairs Minister to negotiate, they arrested him as well. But Obote had learned from Nyerere's experience. He sent police to secure the Owen Falls dam and thus cut the main highway from Jinja to Kampala. Then, swallowing his pride, the man who had often ranted against "colonialists" and "im-

perialists" called for British aid. Within the hour, 450 troops from the Staffordshire Regiment and the Scots Guards were winging in from Kenya. As they took positions at the Entebbe airport and in the capital, Obote agreed to discuss the mutineers' demands, and order was restored.

Rocketing Rout. With the Uganda and Kenya rebellions quelled for the moment, only Tanganyika's Nyerere remained in any danger from his own army. That situation was rectified at week's end when, at Nyerere's request, the aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Centaur* in Dar es Salaam harbor went into action. Figuring that they could frighten the mutineers into submission with lots of noise, the British cut loose with a pre-dawn barrage of blank charges over Colito barracks. As the sleepy muti-



BRITISH SOLDIER & KENYAN PRISONERS
Barbed wire for some.

neers ducked for cover, helicopters fluttered off the flight deck and dropped 60 combat-ready Royal Marine Commandos onto the rebel base.

Led by Brigadier Patrick Sholto Douglas, the deposed commander of the Tanganyika Rifles, the commandos burst through the main gate and began hurling "Thunder Flashes"—noisy firecrackers used in training to simulate mass attack. Douglas shouted in Swahili for the 800 mutineers to surrender. When they refused, the commandos slammed a 3.5-in. bazooka rocket through the barracks, blasting out windows and peeling back most of the roof. Three Riflemen were killed and 20 wounded, while 400 were captured. The rest, many in pajamas or underwear, headed for the bush. Julius Nyerere was back in power however tentatively. But his country would never be the same again.

ZANZIBAR

Threats & Protests

As an uneasy quiet settled over East Africa, eyes turned back to the tiny island 22½ miles off the coast where the region's troubles had all begun two weeks ago. Though there appeared to be no active political connection between the mainland mutinies and Zanzibar's new leftist regime, it seemed that the island violence had flashed like chain lightning across the Zanzibar Channel. "It's like prison riots," said an experienced U.S. official. "When one explodes, the others begin to pop off."

Though Washington and London withheld recognition, many officials clung to the hope that Zanzibar would not in fact turn out to be another Cuba. They insisted that President Abeid Karume was a determined African nationalist, not a Communist. And though U.S. intelligence sources were certain "Field Marshal" John Okello had been trained in Cuba, it was becoming increasingly clear that he wielded little

power in the new government. Last week Okello was back at his broadcasting chores, warning civilians to lay down their guns. "Otherwise," he belted in his own arresting argot, "you will see how we hang people and burn them like chickens. Others will be executed by being cut into pieces that will be spread on the streets. Still others will be thrown into the sea, while others will be tied to trees and shot by novice marksmen. Anyone who tries to be a hypocrite will be punished by 50 years in jail."

As Okello blustered, Karume was busy flying to nearby capitals, protesting to his African neighbors that his government was not Communist. But for all his soothing words, the fact remained that the only newsmen still permitted in his brand-new "people's republic" were correspondents from Moscow and Peking. And no one believed that the Communists, whether they instigated the revolution or not, would hesitate about trying to take it over.



OKELLO AT MICROPHONE
Burning for others.

Nikita Khrushchev had a fine man on hand for the job in Vice President Kassim Hanga, who studied at Moscow's Lumumba University for 2½ years. And if Red China's Premier Chou En-lai was interested, he had only to pop over from West Africa and talk with Peking's good friend, Foreign Minister Abdul Rahman Mohamed. "Babu" would certainly listen.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

The First Prime Minister

Would the shock waves of East African revolt move inland to plague the wobbly governments of other territories? One vulnerable region was Northern Rhodesia, which is due to get its independence by year's end. But all was quiet last week as thousands of African voters flocked to the polling booths to elect Northern Rhodesia's first Prime Minister.

Outcome of the election was a foregone conclusion: a landslide victory for Kenneth Kaunda, 39, the austere, energetic minister's son who was in turn jailed by the British and later groomed by them to take over the copper-rich protectorate. Kaunda's United National Independence Party (U.N.I.P.) captured 55 of 75 seats in the legislative assembly, crushing the demoralized African National Congress Party of hard-drinking Harry Nkumbula. Kaunda's onetime mentor.

The only disappointment for Kaunda was that U.N.I.P.'s European and Asian candidates failed to win any of the ten legislative seats reserved for non-Africans. They went instead to an all-white slate entered by the National Progress Party, headed by John Roberts, a former minister in a previous, European-dominated government, who predicted nonetheless: "Dr. Kaunda's Cabinet will be a very able one, probably the best in black Africa."

Most other observers agree. One of the most intelligent of all new African leaders, 16-year-old Kaunda, who was trained as a teacher, has staunchly forsworn violence in the ten-year struggle to dissolve the now-extinct Central African Federation, in which Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland were reluctant partners with white-dominated Southern Rhodesia. Zambia, as Northern Rhodesia will be called after independence, will be a multiracial society in which, promises Kaunda, "the rule of law shall prevail and no individual is going to be victimized because of his country of origin."

Kaunda's policy makes economic sense, since European and South African know-how is essential to the booming mining industry, which is expected to yield the government close to \$70 million in taxes during its first year of self-rule. Since the country also has abundant land, ample water and few settlers, it has been largely spared the racial bitterness that has riven Kenya. However, in the wake of the uprising that came close to toppling his friend

Julius Nyerere in neighboring Tanganyika, the usually affable Kaunda warned grimly last week: "We shall crush ruthlessly any attempt to overthrow this government by unconstitutional means."

GHANA

The Fruits of Redemption

The people of Ghana went to the polls last week to vote away what little freedom they have left. Up for decision in a national referendum were two proposals put forth by President Kwame Nkrumah, Ghana's "Osagyefo" (Redeemer). The first would empower him to fire any judge of the High Court or Supreme Court—which would abolish Ghana's technically independent judiciary. The second, and more important—copied almost verbatim from the Soviet constitution—would make Nkrumah's Convention People's Party the country's only legal political body and, like Rus-

FRANCE

Chinese Checkers

"The sun at this time of year heralds the thaw of winter snow and ice," observed French Deputy Marie François-Benard, leader of a seven-member parliamentary delegation that arrived in Red China last week. "I think this time the Peking sunshine also heralds the thawing of relations between our two countries." Word that President Charles de Gaulle would soon recognize Communist China, a move prompted by the faint hope of reviving French influence in the Far East, indeed had broken the ice. But while a thaw set in between Paris and Peking, new and severe chills developed between France and some of her allies, including the U.S.

No Consultation. Washington sent Paris one of the briefest diplomatic notes on record, a curt, 150-word message that deplored the French maneuver

Gaulle's Asian adventure dismayed the overwhelming majority of South Viet Nam's 7,000 strongly anti-Communist overseas Frenchmen, who called it "une folie de grandeur." Even France's former colonies in Africa, which usually give Paris solid diplomatic backing, were split. Said Madagascar's President Philibert Tsiranana, echoing the opinion of about eight (out of 14) French-oriented African states: "For once, I will not follow General de Gaulle." Eying the enormous market for its goods on the Chinese mainland, Japan was torn between commerce and political loyalty. "Our policy, in accordance with the principle of separation of economic from political matters, is quite clear," said Premier Hayato Ikeda.

New Ambassador. The angriest reaction to De Gaulle's game of Chinese checkers came from the Nationalists on Formosa, who hinted that when France recognizes Peking they will promptly



FRANCE'S DE GAULLE & CHINA'S MAO TSE-TUNG
"Here he comes, Deus ex ma China."

sia's Communist Party, "the vanguard of the working people in their struggle to build a Socialist society."

There was little doubt of the results, though the voting will not end until this week. Except for a few dissenters, most citizens were expected to rubber-stamp the proposals. There was, after all, that sizable herd of *Osagyefo*-worshippers who received fresh inspiration from the Ghanaian Times writer who recently confessed: "I shudder when I think of the greatness of the Great One. And so let the world know, and the word go forth, that indeed we do have a miracle cabled Kwame Nkrumah who walks the face of Africa today."

For those who did not believe in miracles, more direct persuasion was needed. As the Ghanaian Times put it, "There must not be a single misused vote, for the people will know who stabbed the revolution in the back by not voting yes."

as "unwise and untimely." Back came a five-line reply that stiffly acknowledged the U.S. note without bothering to give French reasons for the news. Presumably, De Gaulle was saving his explanation for one of his rare news conferences, scheduled for this week.

West German officials were also upset, privately condemned the projected recognition of Red China as a blow to Western unity. The French announcement coincided with the first anniversary of the Franco-German treaty of reconciliation, which vaguely calls for joint consultation prior to major foreign-policy decisions by either side. Since De Gaulle had done no consulting at all on the China question, there was small reason to celebrate the anniversary. The Bundestag erupted in angry debate about the pact, and Bonn's Minister for Special Tasks Heinrich Krone journeyed to Paris for a somewhat perfunctory observation of the date. De

sever diplomatic ties with Paris. The U.S. counseled the Nationalists against a quick break on the grounds that 1) if Red China sticks to its longstanding position that no country may have diplomats in both Peking and Taipei (a view repeated last week by barnstorming Red Premier Chou En-lai in Mali), De Gaulle would be acutely embarrassed and the onus will be on the Communists; 2) if Peking accepts a "two-China" policy, it would be a major Red switch that weakens phony Red claims to Formosa; 3) a two-China policy would also ease U.S. diplomatic problems in the United Nations, where French recognition could swing a majority vote to seat Communist China.

Washington's point of view was shared by some Kuomintang leaders. Taipei's influential China News urged the Nationalists to sit tight and force De Gaulle or the Communists to make the next move. "This is another battle

and not the war," the newspaper declared. "To remember that could turn defeat into victory." Publicly, however, the Nationalists took an adamant stand against a two-China policy. They argued that it would encourage a rush by other nations to recognize Peking, insisted that since "our national policy is to liberate the mainland of China and to deliver our compatriots from Communist tyranny, we are strongly opposed to any two-China concept."

A showdown was not far off. Barring a last-minute hitch, Paris will name an ambassador to Peking this week.

straight as arrows from one picturesque village to another. But these blacktop paths are nearly as narrow as in Napoleon's time (when they were designed), and are totally inadequate to the 10 million vehicles now struggling to get from place to place.

A 1951 law was passed to finance road building through the use of 22% of the gasoline taxes—which in France are the highest in the world. If used as specified, the money would have provided 1,700 miles of superhighways, but the money went elsewhere, and at the end of 1963, France had only 217

than it was in the days of horse-drawn carriages. As monstrous jams clog the boulevards and bridges, cars and their drivers overheat, radiators and tempers boil over. The great rectangle of the Place de la Concorde has space for about 1,000 parked cars and 400 moving ones; yet a daily average of 120,000 cars must struggle through it.

Cars on Rails. Last week's mass meeting at the Palais des Sports was sponsored by the biweekly *L'Auto-Journal*, whose editors founded the Syndicat National des Automobilistes, and have, since October, received 370,000 applications for membership. The syndicate's immediate goal is to "put an end to the scorn with which public powers treat the fundamental highway and traffic problems." The meeting started 30 minutes late because, as the announcer pointed out, of "slow-moving traffic," and ended tumultuously when the hall was darkened and the audience was suddenly showered with thousands upon thousands of official-looking traffic tickets that fluttered down from the domed ceiling in the glare of the spotlights.

One reason for the government's indifference is that it favors the government-owned railway system, which has inaugurated a plan to provide auto-train accommodation for motorists going south or returning. Under the plan the autos are placed on freight cars while their drivers sleep in passenger cars on the same train. When the service was extended to five new cities last fall, a jokester writing in *Le Figaro* saw it as a step toward the ultimate solution of driving problems in France. By hauling cars everywhere by rail, he pointed out, there would be an end to highway accidents, driver fatigue, and wear and tear on highways. For those who dislike driving in town, the old city streetcar lines could be reactivated to permit the hauling of cars by rail. Best of all, it would also be possible to remove perishable items like tires and batteries, and even motors. "Thus," *Le Figaro* concluded cheerfully, "the circle of progress would be complete."

DISARMAMENT

Old Horse, New Odds

Geneva's headwaiters beamed indefatigably last week as pealing nightclub and restaurant cash registers heralded the return of the 17-nation disarmament conference after a five-month recess. Their euphoria even infected the *café au lait*-colored Palais des Nations, where some 200 reassembled officials settled back into their bronze and green leather chairs—as usual, leaving three seats vacant for nonattending France—and prepared for the sixth antiwar jaw session since the disarmament conference got under way in 1962. Buoyed by last August's partial test ban treaty, most Western and neutral negotiators expected action this time and greeted a new five-point program from President Johnson as a hopeful starting point. "The U.S.," said one old disarmament



PARIS TRAFFIC JAM
The order never dims.

Aux Armes, Automobilistes!

France, which came to terms quite easily with jet planes and nuclear weapons, last week conceded it cannot cope with the horseless carriage. Some 5,000 irate citizens jammed Paris' Palais des Sports—and 10,000 more were turned away—for the first meeting of the newly formed Syndicat National des Automobilistes. Their purpose: to protest the government's indifference to the motorists of France.

Napoleon's Width. What rubs salt in the wound is that the French claim to have invented the automobile, either in 1873, when one Amedée Bollée built a steam car that was driven from Paris to Bordeaux, or in 1891, when René Panhard and Emile Levassor placed a German Daimler motor on a chassis and thus created the first true auto. France remained the center of the automotive world until World War I, when the U.S. forged ahead. But the ardor for cars has never dimmed, and with today's prosperity, French automakers sell every car they can build.

This merely contributes to the out- rage of French motorists. France has an exquisite network of roads, lined with noble colonnades of trees. They run

miles of superhighways, less than the length of the Los Angeles County freeway system. So heavy are the many and varied automotive taxes that a French motorist is estimated, within three years' time, to pay the government as much as a new car would cost.

Queue de Poisson. Even more ominous is the death toll, which has jumped from 7,166 in 1953 to 10,103 in 1962, with 229,485 injured. If U.S. motorists killed at a similar rate, U.S. traffic deaths would amount to 120,000 a year instead of the actual 42,600 annually. The road slaughter is not completely the fault of inadequate highways, but often results from French *élan*. It is common in France to speed up as soon as you discover that the car behind you is trying to pass. The unofficial code of the *chevalier de la route* then requires that the second car must relentlessly pursue the first until it can finally get by, preferably by cutting off the first car with what is called a *queue de poisson*—fishtail. This is considered so deep a humiliation that the insulted motorist may chase the other driver for miles just to pay him back in kind.

What is difficult on the highways is nearly impossible in such cities as Paris. During rush hours, traffic is even slower

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warrior, "is pumping so much adrenalin into this old horse that it may die of a heart attack."

Crusty Scratchy. As it turned out, the horse was subject to the same old binds that have hobbled serious disarmament efforts in the past: the U.S.'s insistence on a strict international control system to police arms cuts, and the Communists' equally dogged argument that Western inspection teams would in fact be "NAIO spies." Thus there appeared to be little likelihood of early agreement on the U.S. proposals that both sides should 1) halt the build-up of nuclear delivery systems, notably missiles, submarines and bombers; 2) discontinue production of plutonium for warheads and systematically shut down weapons reactors; and 3) establish observation posts to reduce the risk of attack by surprise or accident.

Two other offers by U.S. Disarmament Negotiator William C. Foster also drew Soviet fire. Washington's program to curb the spread of nuclear weapons, objected Russia's crusty old Semyon K. ("Scratchy") Tsarapkin, is unacceptable because Moscow regards U.S. plans for a multilateral force of Polaris-armed surface ships simply as a device to give West Germany a finger on the nuclear trigger. Predictably, the Communists also refused to accept the Johnson Administration's proposed pact for renunciation of force in territorial conflicts, since it would specifically restrain them from abetting the Berlin dispute and subversive wars in South Viet Nam and elsewhere.

"Any Method's Good." Nonetheless, disarmament negotiators remained hopeful that the East-West arms race might be slowed by the process that Khrushchev calls "mutual example." Thus the Johnson Administration's announcement of a \$1.3 billion cutback

in the current U.S. military budget was balanced with Moscow's recent claim to have slashed Soviet military expenditures by 4.4%, or \$666 million.

For Khrushchev in particular, further cuts in nuclear and conventional forces would conveniently ease a shortage of manpower and investment capital that has bedeviled his plans to boost output of chemicals and consumer goods. "The main thing we need now," said Foster, "is patience and determination." Scratchy Tsarapkin had a characteristic Red reply: "Any method is good provided you get results."

BERLIN

The Twain Shall Meet

Berliners are forever finding new ways to frustrate Communist rules and punch holes in the ugly Red Wall. The latest stunt is a lot more expensive than leaping over barbed wire but a lot safer than dodging Vopo bullets. All it takes is a holiday train ticket to another Iron Curtain country.

Many Communist regimes are hungry enough for hard Western currency to relax travel restrictions and look the other way when East and West Berlin families gather for reunions counter to East German rules. When the night train from East Berlin pulls into Budapest's *Keleti Talsvaudvar* (East Station), the platform scenes are moving replays of those that took place over the Christmas holidays in Berlin itself. Sweethearts fall into soundless clinches; old people weep as they see their grandchildren for the first time.

On the Lake. Berliners get together everywhere from the sunny Black Sea resorts of Bulgaria and Rumania to the forested Tatras Mountains of Czechoslovakia. But the favorite rendezvous is Hungary's Lake Balaton, a narrow, 48-mile-long "inland sea" just 56 miles from Budapest. A renowned Central European watering spot since the days of the Romans, Balaton is a pleasant place to visit even without the added incentive of reunion. Its delicate wines—such as the *Budaörsi szürke barát* (Grey Friar)—are eminently sippable, and the shallow, turquoise-blue lake, ringed with breezy cafés and villas, has a bright, Mediterranean air about it. Of the 40,000 Western tourists who visited Balaton last season, 60% were Germans.

Though the current Communist fiction has it that no visas are required for citizens of Soviet bloc nations, it is not easy for East Germans to get out. Prospective tourists must get permission from their local police, and since individual travel is allowed only when the tourist has a specific invitation, most East Germans travel in officially organized groups, stay in shabby, second-class hotels. This permits Walter Ulbricht's hard-eyed functionaries to ride close herd on them, makes meeting in hotel rooms risky. But the twain meet anyway—on beaches and volleyball courts, in parks and restaurants.



BERLINER & DAUGHTER
Reunion in Varna.

On the Rush. And when East German tour guides get nasty, they often find their Bulgarian or Hungarian opposite numbers siding against them. A recent visitor to Varna heard a Bulgarian tourist official chew out an overcollicious East German guide. "Leave the guests in peace," he snapped. "You can do what you want in your own country, but this is our country, our beach and these are our guests."

For all this seeming solicitude, there are dangers involved in reunions behind the Curtain. Many West Germans try to smuggle their relatives out at the end of their vacations and often get arrested in the process—14 in 1962 and three in Hungary alone last year. East Germans seen consorting with "Western agents" can lose their travel privileges and even face trial. But the reunions continue. Last November Czechoslovakia opened her borders to West Germany, and already plans are being laid by thousands on both sides of the Wall. "I'm jammed with bookings for Easter in Prague," said one travel bureau owner last week. "The rush is on."

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Other Government

"Good morning, comrades," intones the announcer pleasantly to all South Viet Nam. "You are listening to Radio Liberation." With that, the clandestine transmitter broadcasting from North Viet Nam begins seven hours of Marxist propaganda, spiced with Vietnamese folk songs.

This is the voice of the Communist enemy in Viet Nam, or, as the Reds call their organization, "the National Front for the Liberation of South Viet Nam." Technically, the Front is in overall charge of the bitter war being waged by the Viet Cong Communist guerrillas. One of its most important but less-known functions is to administer the one-third of South Vietnamese territory



TSARAPKIN & FOSTER
Renewal in Geneva.

controlled by the Reds. In fact, it runs what amounts to an entire separate government.

Talk & Chop. Formed three years ago, the Liberation Front has a "cabinet" composed of South Vietnamese; the "chairman" is Nguyen Huu Tho, 53, a Saigon-born, French-educated lawyer. But naturally, he is only a local coverup for North Viet Nam's Red Boss, Ho Chi Minh. The Front's "capital" is believed to be the Viet Cong's military GHQ, which is situated deep in the jungle 75 miles northwest of Saigon, conveniently close to the Cambodian frontier, and protected by a maze of fortifications plus 1,000 elite troops. From there, a disciplined apparatus extends through provincial and district levels, down to the smallest village where the Reds roam.

First task of the Front, in an area under guerrilla influence, is to indoctrinate the populace. An estimated 4,000 propaganda squads follow Red guerrilla units into villages. The Front even publishes 30 crude newspapers. New fly sheets appear daily, accusing the Americans of everything from introducing whores into Buddhist monasteries to gouging out, trying and eating children's eyeballs. The Front uses harsher methods; more than 10,000 local government officials have been assassinated in the long war, usually by beheading.

Above all, the Reds strive to set up a rudimentary regime that will appear to rival the Saigon government. Boldly, the Front's yellow-starred flag now flies over dozens of villages. The guerrillas levy taxes, circulate their own currency, even operate a primitive postal system, complete with censors and stamps printed in Hanoi. For weeks, Radio Liberation has been triumphantly boasting that the organization held its "second national congress" early in January in a secret "liberated area." The 150 delegates were said to have demonstrated "a mood of patriotism as mighty as the Mekong River."

Battle of Presences. The Front claims it gets so many volunteers from the countryside that guerrilla recruits are turned away for lack of physical fitness, boasts that it is winning the battle for men's minds in its areas. That is probably an exaggeration; in one guerrilla-harassed village recently, a survey by the Saigon government revealed that only 10% of the people collaborated with the Viet Cong willingly.

That does not mean they prefer the U.S.-backed junta in Saigon. Most peasants will go along with whichever side controls their villages. In the past fortnight, the government has dispatched three paratrooper battalions into guerrilla-haunted Long An province south of the capital in an effort to root out the Reds and re-establish its influence. To win back confidence among the peasants, the province chief, a young major, has been sleeping in outlying hamlets rather than returning to the well-protected provincial capital at



VICTIM MURATORE'S FUNERAL
Around the coffin, a code of silence.

dusk. Such is South Viet Nam's hazardous situation that the sleep-out was deemed heroic. In appreciation, Junta Chairman General "Big" Minh helicoptered down from Saigon, awarded the major the country's highest combat decoration: the Cross of Valor.

AUSTRALIA

Omeria in the Antipodes

Among the 2,020,000 European immigrants who have poured into post-war Australia, fully 260,000 have been Italians, mostly from Calabria and Sicily. The newcomers added much that is welcome Down Under, from pizza and pasta to espresso bars and truck gardens. But as Melbourne last week was shaken by the shotgun explosions of gang warfare, Australians became aware that the new Italian immigrants had also brought with them the blood feuds of the Mafia and Camorra, as well as the code of silence induced by *omertà* (death for informers).

Rear Window. At stake was the overlordship of Melbourne's bustling, 16-acre Victoria Market, beneath whose iron-roofed sheds are crowded the stalls of 800 produce growers and 200 agents. Work in the market starts at 2 a.m. as trucks roll in with produce from Victoria, New South Wales, Tasmania and Queensland, and the stalls fill with a babble of Mediterranean tongues—Italian, Greek, Yugoslav—as well as Australian-twanged English. Trading is almost entirely in cash, and an estimated \$45 million worth of fruits and vegetables pass through Victoria Market every year.

The struggle for power began in December 1962, when Marketeer Domenico Italiano, 65, known as *Il Papa*,

died peacefully in bed. One strong contender for the job of Mr. Big was eliminated four months later when Vincenzo Angilletta was ambushed outside his home and blasted to death by both barrels of a shotgun. Last November, Domenico Demarie, 41, got the same treatment, but he survived as a sick and frightened man who swears he has no idea who attacked him or why. Fortnight ago, Vincent Muratore, 43, rose before dawn to go to his wholesale produce stall at the market. He got as far as his car when someone fired through the rear window, killing him instantly. Two days later, Truck Gardener Antonio Monaco, 39, was gunned down outside his shack.

Dapper Throngs. Melbourne's Italian-language newspaper *Il Globo* accused Victoria Market racketeers of all the shootings and prophesied that "the next victims will be at Muratore's funeral." At St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Muratore's body, clad in a Capuchin's robes, lay in a \$1,575 casket with silver fittings, surrounded by floral offerings. Throngs of dapper Italians wearing black ties, dark tight-fitting suits with tapered trousers, and black pointed shoes escorted their wives in deep mourning. In a building opposite, Melbourne police focused binoculars and telephoto cameras on the 200 cars that made up the funeral procession. The man who is said to be the next candidate for assassination is wealthy Wholesaler Frank Madafferi, who attended *Il Papa's* and Muratore's funerals. "Let them come and get me," snapped Madafferi, then added, true to the *omertà* code, "All I know about these accidents and the Mafia is what I read in the newspapers—and I can't either read or write."

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PEOPLE

"It is a good birthday present," said his longtime secretary-companion, Alan Searle. But it was hardly that. After a 21-month fight to disinherit his daughter, Lady John Hope, in favor of Searle, W. Somerset Maugham admitted that "all differences have been settled." They seem to have been settled in her favor. In addition to \$280,000 cash for some already-sold paintings, the agreement grants her royalties from some Maugham books as well as majority interest in his \$1,000,000 villa on the French Riviera. Estimated value of the package: \$1,400,000. Deaf, partially blinded by cataracts, and plagued by a fading memory, the aging author ignored doctor's orders, traveled to nearby Monte Carlo for a 90th birthday lunch. But while he had "no wishes to make" on his last birthday, the dimmed old man now nightly implores Searle: "Pray that I don't wake in the morning."

Those nondrinking, nonsmoking folks were mighty impressive, and so was their militant talk about forcibly righting the racial wrongs inflicted on Negroes. Breaking training for his upcoming championship fight with Sonny Liston, Cassius Clay, 22, flew from Miami to New York for a meeting of the violently anti-white Black Muslims. Rumors have it that Clay's secretary-business manager is surnamed X, and he has previously expressed admiration for Muslim Kingpin Elijah Muhammad. "I won't say if I'm a member or not," continued Clay, forgoing the poetry this time. "All I know is that I'm black."

"Her achievements are not ascribable merely to the accident of birth, but to qualities which many women must cultivate today: perseverance, courage,

intellectual concern." With that citation, Columbia University conferred an honorary doctor of laws degree on Queen Frederika of Greece, 46. And having thus started her private 17-day visit to the U.S., the charming, capable Queen and her daughter Princess Irene, 21, turned to shopping and socializing. With Sister Sophie married and Brother Constantine engaged, reporters wondered if Irene would soon head down the aisle. "No, no," smiled Frederika. "I must keep one for myself."

It looked as though he would be in town for quite a while, and so Jimmy Hoffa, 50, decided to throw the old weight around. Working out with bar bells in a Chattanooga, Tenn., Y.M.C.A., he started with relatively short, painless sessions. That, explained Instructor Bill Floyd, was because the hardheaded teamster boss was going a little soft in the gut. Hoffa will need



JIMMY & INSTRUCTOR
Soft in the gut.

all the exercise he can get. He's in Chattanooga for a federal trial (his fifth) on jury-tampering charges stemming from his fourth court appearance, and it promises to be a lively one. His attorneys have already said they will call a monumentally hostile witness for the defense—Old Hoffa Baiter Robert Kennedy.

On location filming *Mister Moses* in Naivasha, Kenya, Carroll Baker, 32, was cutting quite a swath among the Masai tribe. The script called for native children to sing a Swahili *Silent Night*, but none of them spoke the language. So Actress Baker learned the Swahili and taught the kids. "At the end of the first day's lesson," she reported, "they were so good I gave them candy and soda pop. In return they introduced me to their favorite drink, a mixture of blood and milk." And Carroll drank it down. She was such a lady that the local Masai chieftain had another idea. He offered to buy her for his very own.



CARROLL & CAROLER
Worth 150 cows.

offering \$750 cash, 150 cows plus 200 goats and sheep. Carroll was flattered—considering the going price for brides is \$200 and twelve cows.

Once a strong voice in favor of tightly guarding U.S. scientific secrets, Physicist Edward Teller, 56, now thinks everyone should be let in on most classified information. Why? "I am pretty well convinced that the Russians have all our secrets," the father of the H-bomb told a House committee on U.S. research, "and I am even afraid they have the secrets we are going to discover in the next two years." That being the case, the only ones in the dark on most data are "our industry and our citizens." The present criterion for releasing news of an important discovery is absolute certainty that such information would not harm the national interest. Argued Teller: "I think the burden of proof should be on the other side."

Jackie Gleason, 47, weighs 258 lbs., and he likes being the biggest. To indulge that craving, CBS-TV offered its giant ego \$6,000,000 (a \$1,000,000 raise) to entice him into one more season. Out of that sum, Jackie's Peckskill Enterprises will pay all costs of producing the shows, but what Gleason likes is the size of the price tag. "I'm told it's the biggest one-year contract in the history of television," he chortled. And under the terms agreed on, he is going to try moving the whole show down to Miami, "so I can sit around in the sun and play golf while working. Come next fall, we'll rent a boat, load the whole crew aboard and sail out of New York for Florida, full toot." Will his hooze-em buddy, Restaurateur Toots Shor, make the trip? "Why, certainly," expanded The Great One. "He'll probably be the boat."



FREDERIKA & IRENE
Cited for quality.

MUSIC

OPERA

A Banal Savage

The critics were downright disgusted when Gian Carlo Menotti's new opera buffa was first performed in Paris last October. *Le Dernier Sauvage* had a libretto the French found far from funny, and its music they found distressingly short on substance. "A misery," said *Le Figaro*. But the Paris production was starved and skimpy, and Menotti's countless champions comforted themselves in the faith that *The Last Savage* would find a happier habitat in New York. Last week the *Savage* arrived at the Met in a production so beautiful that Menotti cheerfully conceded he would have no excuse if it failed. It did, and he hasn't.

Parties & Pants. Merely to be believed, the *Savage* requires a better-natured audience than a composer can expect to find in all Christendom. Attempting "smiling satire," Menotti has a Vassar girl (Roberta Peters) go to India in search of the Abominable Snowman. Her father (Morley Meredith) meets a maharajah and arranges a marriage of convenience between his daughter and the maharajah's son (Nicola Gedda). But the girl is an anthropologist, and she insists upon her savage. Her father offers a peasant (George London) \$100,000 to play the role, and the ersatz savage allows himself to be packed off to Chicago.

All the vanities of North Shore existence are exposed by the horrified savage—action painting and splintered Christianity, electro-dodecahedral music and beat poetry, capri pants and cocktail parties. The peasant-savage finally flees to the jungle, having become a nonsense savage in the crucible of crimi-

bling society. The girl follows on the wings of love: "Now my unquiet heart is at ease," she sings. "Nothing remains but ourselves and the trees." They seal their deflection with a kiss—as native bearers carry the appliances of the fat life into their cave.

All this had little of "the pleasure of sweetness" that Menotti intended. A month of rehearsals under the sure hand of Thomas Schippers, excellent performances by Peters, Meredith and London, some last-minute opera-doctoring by Menotti, sets and costumes by Ben Montresor that looked like a world perceived inside a crystal Easter egg—nothing could rescue the *Savage* from its basic banality.

Fool & School. Menotti moves through music like a troop ship avoiding U-boats—back and forth, in and out. He darts from failure (*Labyrinth*) to triumph (*The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi*) with great agility, but nothing he has written since 1955 can approach the genius of *The Saint of Bleeker Street* or even *The Consul*. Aside from one or two pleasant arias and one superb septet, there is very little in the *Savage* that suggests its composer's grand reputation. The music could have been written any time after 1850, and the libretto could have been improved by almost anyone with 15 minutes and a pencil. "I would look like a fool, I have never been to school" constitutes a rhyme, but it is a rhyme Menotti shares with the composer of a pop song called *Stupid Cupid* that was big last year.

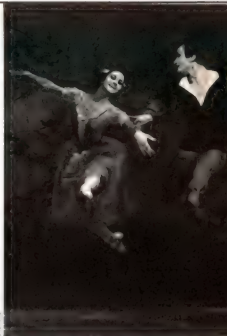
An excuse or two remains. The libretto was a translation from Menotti's Italian (but since his English is good enough to charm flowers into bloom, it is a puzzle why he put up with such a poor job). Menotti is simply not glib enough to be much of a humorist; he suffers a naïveté that is a virtue as well as a vice. He is a man who is truly touched by life. As his past master-works nobly demonstrate, a passion for the world can be as much a blessing to the composer as in this case it is a disaster to the comedian.

DANCE

Decidedly Bessmertnova

"That's quite a name you've got there," Bolshoi Ballet Master Leonid Lavrovsky told the young ballerina. "If you turn out to be a good dancer you can keep it." The dancer's name was Natalia Bessmertnova, and since in Russian that means Natalie the Immortal, its owner seemed destined to carry it awkwardly—like a steamer trunk with fancy labels. Last week, with barely two months as a Bolshoi soloist behind her, Bessmertnova was established in Moscow's excited ballet world as decidedly *bessmertnova*—even more so, said her teachers, than the immortal Ulanova.

Such talk is perhaps a bit excessive.



BESSMERTNOVA & PARTNER IN "GISELLE"
Raves in the Bolshoi.

Bessmertnova has appeared in only one solo role—Giselle—and that only five times. But each time she dances she stirs up a storm of acclaim such as the staid old Bolshoi has not seen in years. Even Ulanova raves about her. Lithe, dark, and only 22, Bessmertnova seems the very ideal of ballet—the disembodied spirit choreographers dream of, the ethereal figure that explains the whole logic of the dance.

Bessmertnova studied for ten years at the Bolshoi Ballet School, then spent two seasons in the corps de ballet before her first Giselle last November. At the highly conservative Bolshoi, even this long tour is hardly a complete apprenticeship, and Lavrovsky is sternly resisting the demand for her dancing by allowing her only one or two performances a month. Battling off other Bolshoi ballet masters who plead for her presence, he says: "I don't want them destroying at night what I teach by day."

Bessmertnova is now learning the classic repertory—last week she began rehearsing for her first Odette in a spring production of *Swan Lake*. She is dutiful and quiet and so devoted to the regime of rigorous training ahead of her that she told the relieved *Literaturnaya Gazeta* that she wouldn't dream of marriage, even to a cosmonaut.

Lavrovsky sees in his great pupil "a body of very beautiful and tender and expressive lines" and a soul of "great content." Beyond that, he has to struggle to praise her enough. "She is a lyric-dramatic dancer," he says, searching for words. "When I speak of lyric-dramatic, I soften the contours of lyric by adding dramatic and soften the contours of dramatic by adding lyric. But in this instance I wouldn't want them softened. She has both talents in full, and in her future years she should be able to reach the stature of an artist of tragedy."



LONDON & PETERS IN "SAVAGE"
A misery at the Met.

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EDUCATION

TEACHING

Inside Numbers

Each year more U.S. parents find that their children's mathematics homework is vastly different from what math was when they went to school. This is the "new math," and the change goes back to 1952, when Mathematician Max Beberman and others became alarmed that math teaching in U.S. schools had not changed essentially in 150 years. In pioneering new methods at the University of Illinois, Beberman sparked a movement that has now influenced about 10% of U.S. elementary schools and 60% of high schools. This year Texas assigned 30,000 teachers to learn new math. This month California decided to spend almost \$10 million for new math texts.

What is really new about old math is the teaching: it is basically old math taught in a far better new way. The purpose is to replace numb learning of rote computation with a confident understanding of the structure and relation of numbers—the why of the drills. Rules and formulas are still vital tools, but new math aims to go back to the sources of the rules to show why they are valid, rather than blindly prescribing them.

The Wonder of Zero. Math is the study of patterns; numerals symbolize real things—the size of collections, the length of lines, the position of points. New math thus begins on the concrete level and only later moves to the abstract. Math is also a unified system; new math thus shows the interrelation of all branches, such as algebra and geometry, rather than teaching them as separate topics. The stress is on "discovery"—the artful question that sparks a child's desire to see patterns and find answers. The idea is to get children inside the structure of numbers by means of a "spiral curriculum"—constant retranslation of concepts at higher orders of sophistication.

In laying out the floor plan—arithmetic—new math begins not with the names of numbers but with real objects, such as beads, stones, sticks. By manipulating objects in collections (or "sets") the child learns crucial ideas. He may be asked to remove pairs of objects from two collections, for example. When both collections run out at the same time, he begins to grasp the idea of equality. When one runs out first, he learns about inequalities.

Equal collections of different things bring up the idea of number as a common property of the sets; then the child can move on to grasp the symbolism of numbers expressed as numerals. He sees that for convenience the first ten symbols may be recombined for numbers greater than nine. He may also learn that each digit (say in 326) has a "place value" ten times that of its neighbor to

the right (three hundreds, two tens, six ones). He discovers the wonder of that great ancient invention, zero, the "place holder" that allows infinite expansions (606 would be simply 66 without it).

5 = 101. All this stems, of course, from the fact that man has ten fingers. With eight fingers, he might have invented a base-eight number system. Many children now explore the base-two (binary) system, used in computers, which depends only on 0 and 1. They learn parents with the news, for example, that seven is not 7 but 111, each digit is twice the one to the right: one 4, one 2, one 1, adding up to 7. Similarly, 5 is 101 (one 4, no 2s, one 1). Once they are well grounded in the new math concepts, even small children can easily "carry" and "borrow" with large numbers. They simply "regroup" by tens:

$$\begin{array}{r} 943 = 900 + 40 + 3 \\ + 729 = 700 + 20 + 9 \\ \hline 1,600 + 60 + 12 = 1,672 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 883 = 800 + 80 + 3 = 800 + 70 + 13 \\ 657 = 600 + 50 + 7 = 600 + 50 + 7 \\ \hline 200 + 20 + 6 = 226 \end{array}$$

Visible Laws. The same heads and stones that he starts with also let the child see how numbers behave when he puts several collections together (addition and multiplication), or when he takes them apart (subtraction and division). This reveals all sorts of relations—for example, that $8 + 5$ is the same as $5 + 8$ (the commutative law); that subtraction ($8 - 5 = 3$) can be expressed as addition ($5 + ? = 8$); that division is the inverse of multiplication ($\frac{10}{2} = 5$ because $5 \times 2 = 10$); and that the commutative law also holds for multiplication, as in the array:

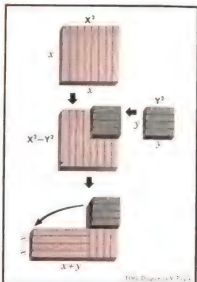
$$\begin{array}{ccc} 8 \times 3 & \dots & 3 \times 5 \\ \dots & & \dots \\ \dots & & \dots \\ \dots & & \dots \end{array}$$

Equally clear is that a multiplier can be distributed among the terms it multiplies (the distributive principle). Third-graders learn it with an equation such as $(6 \times 4) + (3 \times 4) = (9 \times 4)$. They can see it with ease:

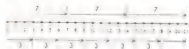
$$\begin{array}{ccc} 4 & 4 & 4 \\ \dots & \dots & \dots \\ 6 & \times 3 & = 9 \\ \dots & \dots & \dots \\ \dots & \dots & \dots \end{array}$$

Using such tools as Cuisenaire rods—wooden units of various related lengths and colors—children in early grades carry on these principles to build cubes and squares that introduce them to square numbers. With rods they can easily "see" even such an advanced al-

gebraic factoring problem as $x^2 - y^2 = (x + y)(x - y)$:

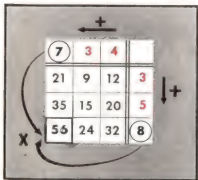


Why $2/3$ of $3/4$ is $1/2$. New math teachers also make use of the "number line," which shows the sum of same-size jumps from point to point:



Number lines tell the novice much about fractions. When he takes three of four segments and divides their sum into thirds, he discovers that two of these thirds make one-half of the full unit. He thus has visible proof of the otherwise abstruse fact that $2/3$ times $3/4$ equals $1/2$. By extending the number line leftward beyond zero, he visualizes the concept of negative numbers.

The most ingenious use of an old mathematical toy is the endless variety of "cross number puzzles" in the workbooks of Robert W. Wirtz and Morton Botel, which give the child a couple of number clues (here printed in red) and thus prod him to hot pursuit of sums and products (in black) that illuminate the relationship of addition and multiplication.



Cultural Calculus. All this opens the way to very early algebraic notation, at first using squares and triangles as symbols. A teacher might ask: If the boxes contain the same number, how should $\triangle + \triangle = 6$ be completed? One first-grader's immediate answer: any number for the boxes, but only 6 for the triangle. In one of his experimental classes, reports Mathematician Robert B. Davis of the Missouri-based Madison Project, one third-grade boy actually invented a new way of subtracting by junking the borrowing process in 64 minus 28. His answer: "Subtracting 8 from 4 gives minus 4, 20 from 60 is 40, and 40 plus a minus 4 equals 36, so the answer is 36."

Such "intuitive preparation," as Max Behrman calls it, is the key to great changes in better schools. Algebra is no longer taught as a collection of rules, with proofs reserved to geometry, for example. The subjects are complementary, and now begin in grade school. Plane and solid geometry are merged, allowing simultaneous treatment of a problem in two and three dimensions. More high schools teach statistics and probability; trigonometry stresses analysis of trigonometric functions rather than archaic solution of triangles.

Adult Sixth-Graders. Most Americans dread math because teachers have long used strong-arm drills to mask their own ignorance of the subject; even now more than half the states do not require a single college math course for certified elementary schoolteachers. Taught rote computation, children have usually lost all curiosity in the process. As an instance, most kids must still wait for third grade to tackle such "carrying" problems as 39 plus 3, even though first-graders can easily do it by counting 40, 41, 42 on their fingers.

Math is not only vital in a day of computers, automation, games theory, quality control and linear programming; it is now also a liberal art, a logic for solving social as well as scientific problems. How much more of it Americans might have is suggested in the new Cambridge Report, a manifesto by 25 top U.S. math users and teachers who hammered it out at Harvard. To lift the national logic level and stamp out mathematical illiteracy, these experts argue that sixth-graders can and should attain a competence "well above that of the general population today." For high school graduates, they prescribe two years of calculus and a knowledge "comparable to three years of top-level college training today."

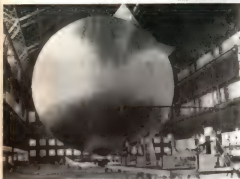
The main danger in new math is that it may get too rigid as it spreads more widely. Critics also worry about fads, such as "set theory," a broadly unifying pure math concept that children probably cannot handle at a worthwhile level. But no one is talking about going back to old math. U.S. mathematical literacy can no longer be considered, as Robert Davis puts it, "a matter of God and heredity."

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TESTING BALLOON SATELLITE
New star of eve.

SPACE

Another Echo

A glittering new star appeared in the heavens last week, one that will be seen by more people than any other man-made object in history. It is the tissue-thin balloon satellite, Echo II, as tall as a 13-story building.

At its birth, it was tucked inside a small canister perched atop a Thor-Agena B rocket booster. Launched from California's Vandenberg Air Force Base, Echo II rocketed into a polar orbit 642 to 816 miles above the earth. As it sped toward Madagascar about an hour after launch, the canister popped open, releasing the sturdy skin of the balloon, composed of two layers of aluminum foil laminated to a sheet of plastic. The warm rays of the sun began to vaporize chemicals inside the satellite, expanding it to its full 135-ft. diameter.

Echo II is expected to stay up for three years, will be clearly visible above the horizon at sunset and sunrise. A passive communications satellite that will bounce radio signals off its taut surface, Echo II also reflects the first practical attempt at U.S.-Soviet space cooperation. By agreement with Moscow, facsimile picture, voice and code signals will be transmitted soon by means of huge antennas at observatories in Russia and England.

NUCLEAR ENERGY

Ploughshare Canals

The trouble in Panama has repercussions that echo all the way to the Livermore, Calif., laboratories of Project Ploughshare, where the AEC is investigating the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Ploughshare scientists are bringing their calculations to a high polish, for if a new Isthmian canal is to be dug, nuclear explosives may be used. And Ploughshare men are sure that they can blast a wide sea-level canal in a couple of years at a fraction of the cost of conventional digging.

Ploughshare optimism is based on studies of a long series of craters blasted by both chemical and nuclear explosives in the Nevada desert. The first, called Buster Jangle-U, (1951), used a crude atom bomb with a yield of 1.2

kilotons. It dug a circular hole 53 ft. deep and 258 ft. in diameter. The next shot, Teapot-Ess, had the same yield, but it was placed deeper and it dug a deeper and wider crater. With these and other shots, Ploughshare scientists built up a body of theory and experience in which they have great confidence. Latest and largest cratering shots, Sedan (100 kilotons) and Danny Boy (400 kilotons), were fired in 1962 and proved that the Ploughshare rules for nuclear explosives work just as well in hard, heavy rock as in loose soil.

Best Depth. The rules are remarkably precise. If a shot is placed at too shallow a depth, as Buster Jangle-U was, it wastes most of its energy on the air. If it is too deep, it lifts a great amount of soil and broken rock, but lets most of the stuff fall back into the crater. When placed just right, it throws most of the rubble over the lip of a steep-sided hole. A 100-kiloton shot should be placed 600 ft. below the surface, while a one-megaton shot calls for a depth of 1,300 ft.

Ploughshare has yet to dig any canal-like ditches with long lines of nuclear explosions, but it has experimented elaborately with chemical shots and believes it knows the basic laws that govern both kinds of blasts. If nuclear explosives are placed in "strings" with the distance between them equal to half the diameter of the crater that a single shot would dig, and if they are exploded simultaneously, they will excavate a smooth-bottomed ditch, throwing the rock to the sides. One hundred shots, for instance, of 100 kilotons each, will dig a ditch 1,600 ft. wide, 350 ft. deep and 16 miles long. If its bottom is 600-dft. below sea level, it can serve as a spacious ship canal.

Clean Clouds. When a crater-making shot is fired, a mushroom of earth grows out of the ground above the explosion. A jet of hot gas raises a dust cloud high in the air. Most of the dust and debris settle immediately, and hardly any dust falls more than 24 miles from the crater. This dust is not very radioactive. Nearly all of the shot's radioactivity is buried deep under the rubble that falls back into the hole. Ploughshare men are sure that if mod-

SCIENCE

ern, "clean" explosives are used, the radioactivity that escapes will be of little significance. Permanent population may have to keep away from the neighborhood of the new-dug canal for at least six months, but men under medical supervision may start working there in two weeks.

Ploughshare scientists believe that if they are careful about atmospheric and wind conditions when shots are fired, shock waves in the air will do no serious damage, but scientists are not so sure about ground shock waves. If 50 megatons must be exploded to cut a hole in a mountain ridge, ground shock may shake down buildings many miles away. Luckily, at least three of the most promising canal routes go through almost uninhabited country, with little but jungle and a few huts to be damaged. Another possible danger is radioactivity that may seep up through the bottom of the canal. There is no way to estimate how much will do so, but the strong current that will run through the canal should carry most of it away.

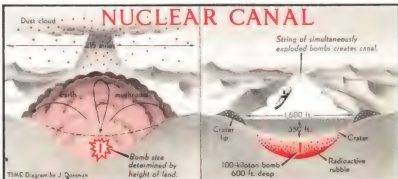
The strongest point in the Ploughshare pitch is the low cost of nuclear digging. If employed on a very large scale, atoms are the world's cheapest workers, and they are getting cheaper year by year. Dr. Gerald W. Johnson, scientific director of Ploughshare, believes that a sea-level canal at the Sardi-Morti route in eastern Panama could be completed, ready for use, for \$500 million, using only 170 megatons of explosive. This is hardly more than the present Panama Canal cost when it was completed 50 years ago.

TECHNOLOGY

Through a Glass Darkly

The glass looked as transparent as the standard windowpane, but scientists at the Manhattan meeting of the American Physical Society were impressed by its strange qualities. On brief exposure to sunlight the glass turned grey. Back in the shade, or in ordinary artificial light, it promptly turned clear as window glass again.

Chemist S. Donald Stookey of Corning Glass Works explained that the strange "photochromic" glass, which he





PHOTOCHROMIC GLASS
Greyness at noon.

had invented along with Dr. William H. Armstrong, contains submicroscopic crystals of silver halide, 128 million billion of them per cubic inch. They do not affect its color or transparency, but strong visible or ultraviolet light turns the crystals to metallic silver, which absorbs light and makes the glass look grey. The same thing happens to the silver halide particles in photographic film, but their darkening is permanent. The silver atoms in the glass are held so tightly that they cannot move away from the place where they were formed. When the light that creates them is cut off, they reunite promptly with halide atoms from which they were separated, and the glass becomes transparent again. It can repeat the trick indefinitely: some samples have already darkened and cleared many thousands of times without getting tired.

Corning says that its dark-light glass is still in the laboratory stage, but it is no mere scientific stunt, and Corning men are working hard on practical applications. Some possibilities: windows to keep solar light and heat out of air-conditioned buildings, auto windshields with an upper section treated to fend off glare by day and turn transparent when the sun is not shining, and sunglasses able automatically to adjust their density to light conditions.

ORNITHOLOGY

Fighting the Birds

As long as any Dutchmen can remember, the airspace over their crowded lowlands has swarmed with birds. But the birds have increasing competition. Part of the sky over The Netherlands has been invaded by commercial air routes; another part has been taken over by the military. And the birds are fighting back. In the past seven years the Dutch Air Force has recorded 413 bird-plane collisions. Commercial airplanes have had their share of bird trouble too, but they make no reports lest they frighten passengers. Circumstances have forced the Dutch

to become world leaders in anti-bird research, but the problem is serious in many other places, and it tends to get worse.

At jet speeds a bird's soft body becomes a hard projectile that can easily whack a hole in the edge of a wing; jet engines suck up birds like giant vacuum cleaners and suffer serious internal damage. One Dutch military pilot was almost killed when his jet inhaled five gulls on take-off and crashed into a barrier. Another crashed after vacuuming a flock of partridges. In 1959, 25% of Dutch military aircraft was out of action because of bird trouble.

Distressed Dialect. To the rescue came "The Birdman of The Hague," Zoologist Johann D. F. Hardenberg of the Ministry of Agriculture's fauna department. Called in by the Air Force and Amsterdam's airport, Hardenberg's first move was to import an American invention, a loudspeaker playing the tape-recorded distress calls of American herring gulls. It was an imaginative effort, but it did not work. Dutch herring gulls apparently speak a dialect all their own and are not alarmed by the screams of their American cousins. When Dr. Hardenberg recorded distressed Dutch gulls and a Jeep carrying his loudspeaker patrolled the runway of Leeuwarden military air base, the gulls merely flew up ahead of the noise in temporary terror and then landed behind it. Dr. Hardenberg's riposte was to line the runway with 23 loudspeakers, which sounded off with ghostly screams that kept the gulls 500 ft. away.

By 1966, ten air force bases will use this system, playing the distress calls of sparrows, pzeiwits, whatever bird is causing trouble. Nearly all birds, says Hardenberg, are frightened away by their own distress calls. Only ducks don't seem to care, and magpies are actually attracted to the loudspeakers.

Frightening Rocket. Commercial airports do not use the full Hardenberg system. When birds get thick along a runway, a Jeep broadcasting the appropriate distress calls drives out to clear the way so the jetliners can take off safely. There are no permanent loudspeakers to make a racket that scares away nervous passengers as well as birds.

Since Dr. Hardenberg started his work, bird accidents at Dutch airports have sharply decreased; but in-flight accidents have increased sharply and for no apparent reason. Most of them occur in spring or fall when birds are migrating, but some birds congregate dangerously at other times. Coping with migratory birds, says Hardenberg, calls for close cooperation between aviation experts and ornithologists. Pilots should get bird information along with weather forecasts, he says, and the movements of birds should be followed closely throughout Europe. Studies are now under way to see whether radar can watch for dangerous birds as it does for thunderstorms.

148 1/2

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DESIGN

The Hi-Fi Snore

Latest news on the thin-wall apartment front is snoring.

Sam Sheir lives on the 16th floor of No. 35 Seacoast Terrace, a brand-new building in Brooklyn, and its walls are very thin. When he goes to bed, his head is only a matter of millimeters from the head of Sam and Ida Gutwirth's double bed. And Sam Sheir snores. Not only does he snore—his snoring style was described at a hearing in Brooklyn Criminal Court last week as "of gigantic proportions, an animalistic roar, lionlike, that vibrates the rooms."

Sam Sheir's stentorian breathing was under discussion before a judge because snorer Sheir had haled Neighbor Gutwirth into court for repeatedly

gested that both consult their landlord about what might be done to dampen the high fidelity of the Sheir snoring, and that everybody show up in court again next month.

CUSTOMS

Liberty with License

U.S. citizens are beginning to attach more and more importance to a 6-in. by 12-in. piece of metal that is each man's uniquely private property: his auto license plate. And this means that for a growing number of families January is the cruelest month. For that is when many new plates are issued, and it is getting so that there are not enough low numbers and letter combinations to go round—no matter what one may be willing to pay.

Take Connecticut, where for an extra

ONE DOLLAR NEW DRIVERS MAY



SUFFERING SAM & IDA GUTWIRTH
Like being next door to a lion.

pounding on the wall to wake him, thereby making "unnecessary noise." Sheir claimed that his snoring, by contrast, is necessary noise. Gutwirth admits it. "What the hell," he says. "Snoring is like breathing, and how in the world are you going to ask somebody to stop giving it the old in-and-out? He can't help his snoring, but at least he can move his bed."

Mr. Gutwirth rented a sound-level meter and measured the lionlike snores of Mr. Sheir as they came through the wall. A newspaper reporter who auditioned the Sheir snore, live, felt that all this electronic gear was unnecessary because "even to the naked ear [it] sounded like a circular saw going through a pine knot."

Judge Matthew Fagan, who lives—quietly—in a substantially soundproof, 50-year-old brownstone and seems to feel that things have come to a pretty pass when a man can't snore the night away in his own bed without being afraid of waking the neighbors, sug-

gested that both consult their landlord about what might be done to dampen the high fidelity of the Sheir snoring, and that everybody show up in court again next month.

Sometimes painful letter combinations turn up unasked for. The wife of a Houston judge burst into the registration office weeping, to beg relief from the ordeal of driving around town with P-U on her car's front and rear. A Los Angeles psychiatrist who found himself with a tag bearing the letters N-U-T explained that, while he did not mind it in the least, he was afraid some of his patients might think he was making fun of them.

In Washington, D.C., snagging for a low number has always consumed considerable time and energy. Most coveted

are the tags from 1 to 1250. No. 1 belongs to the president of the board of District of Columbia commissioners (which issues all D.C. licenses), Chief Justice Earl Warren has 10, Drew Pearson 25, Roman Catholic Archbishop Patrick A. O'Boyle 37, Attorney General Robert Kennedy 50. So intense, in fact, has been the infighting for tags that, starting in 1965, the commissioners decreed that apart from the 1-1250 series anybody could order any combination of letters and numbers up to five characters merely by paying an extra fee of \$25. Already, customers in search of identity have paid the price, requesting such diverse nomenclature as GWHIZ, MINE, YOURS, RELAX, SMILE, TRASH, CRASH.

This year thousands of Massachusetts car owners will scrutinize their 1964 plates with a fishy eye; last year most of the numbers had begun to flake off the 1963 plates by March. Nobody seemed to know exactly why, and there was much suspicion of skulduggery among the inmates of Walpole State Prison, where Massachusetts plates are made. Walpole's prison publication, *The Mentor*, recently warned: "Woe be to ye men who made registry plates last year and are desirous of parole this year."

Most states use convict labor to make their license plates, and now and then car owners around the country still unwrap their new tags to find the penciled gag: "Help! I am being held here against my will!"

FADS

Without Moving a Muscle

The symptoms are turning up everywhere. A commuter puts down his paper and his eyes glaze as if with some interior rapture; a stenographer stops typing and stiffens in her chair; waiting for the children's hamburgers to brown, a housewife suddenly presses her hands on the kitchen table until the knuckles show white. These are not the victims of some new virus, nor has the strain of modern living sent them around the bend. Instead, they are practicing the very latest wrinkle in body culture: isometrics.

Miracle from a Frog's Leg. The basic principle of isometric exercise was discovered back in the '20s, when scientists found that when one leg of a frog was tied down over a period of time, it grew significantly stronger than the leg left free. But it was not until 1953 that two German doctors worked out the implications of this experiment and applied them to the human body.

Traditional exercise, known as "isotonic," beeps up a muscle by moving it. Isometric exercise, on the other hand, does not move the muscle at all; the exercises are all performed against an immovable object. By this immobile contraction, its adherents claim, nearly 100% of the muscle's thousands of hair-like fibers are stimulated—as compared

with the mere 50% to 60% involved in isotonic exercise.

Athletes use a variety of bars, braces and frames that can be adjusted to just the right inch or angle to strengthen a muscle for a particular job (one high jumper successfully trained by straining against a device that held his take-off leg at the exact angle from which it started its spring). The Green Bay Packers were one of the first major pro football teams to adopt isometrics, and some credit the exercises for their brilliant seasons in 1961 and 1962, after which other teams caught on—and caught up. "It's the greatest thing the world has ever seen," rhapsodizes Olympics Weight-Lifting Coach Bob Hoffman. "I am absolutely awestruck at the miracles it has wrought." A millionaire manufacturer of gym equipment, Hoffman claims that he was the first to make isometric exercising devices. He has seen about 50 competing firms climb on the bandwagon just within the past four years.

No Sweat. But ordinary laymen need no equipment at all—and precious little time. They may even resculpture their bodies while doing something else without attracting undue attention. To take one inch to three inches off the paunch in a mere month: 1) inhale deeply, pushing out the abdomen as far as possible and holding it there one second; 2) exhale, pull the abdomen in as far as it will go and hold it there for six seconds; 3) repeat six times a day in any position.

Executives can build up their biceps when their secretaries aren't looking simply by sitting up straight, sliding their open palms against the underside of their desks, and pushing up for six seconds. They can ripperize their arm, chest and shoulder muscles by giving six-second pushes of one fist into the other hand. Their wives can firm up their thighs by standing with feet spraddled widely and trying to pull their thighs toward each other with maximum tension for six seconds, three times a day.

Isometrics do nothing to improve anyone's dexterity, coordination or stamina, and will never result in acquiring a tan. But they do provide more strength faster than anything else. Their no-sweat convenience and brevity, plus their adaptability to anybody's problem area, has already spawned a clutch of manuals on the subject and a menu of exercises as long as an inflexible arm.



AIR-INFLATED BUBBLE DOME & DIRECTOR MEARS
For the kids, a year-round court.

The U.S. Navy has endorsed the exercises, and its magazine, *All Hands*, has published a series of nine isometrics that it calls "ideal for Navy men whose duties on location restrict their ability to engage in athletics."

RECREATION

Tent Tennis

Tennis buffs have dreamed for years of a grass court where the rain never falls and the sun never blinds and the wind never blows. It is more than a dream in Litchfield, Conn., where the Forman School recently unveiled its synthetic solution to the problem—a tennis court surfaced with grass made of vinyl and sheltered by a nylon tent.

Looking like a strange translucent bubble, the nylon dome is kept aloft by a pair of 11-h.p. fans, is big enough (120 ft. long, 33 ft. high) for all but the most enthusiastic lob shots. Adapted from a design for use in housing radar-antenna installations, the tent was built by Birdair Structures Inc. of Buffalo, N.Y., can be rigged and inflated in several hours, packs away when not in use into a space just about the size of a pingpong table.

Even more novel is the artificial grass of the court itself. It is made by a Japanese patented process originally devised for doormats. The plastic is poured into a square mold with 800 indentations per square inch. When the drying plastic is pulled away, the nubs stick, and stretch into "blades" of grass. Then the

squares are laid on an asphalt court, just as a homeowner might lay tile on a kitchen floor. The result is a durable and resilient surface, which is divot-proof, affords better footing and less leg fatigue and keeps both balls and players free from grass stains.

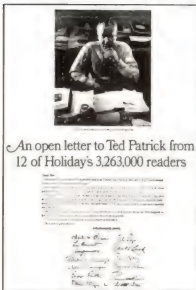
Tennis Star Gardnar Mulloy spent an afternoon on the court, called it "the best indoor court I've ever played on." Though Mulloy found that the fake grass fibers slow the court a fraction too much to suit a top-ranked player, he pronounced it "about as ideal a surface as you could have for the average player."

Forman got its court at about half-price largely because of Director of Development Stowell Mears, who wangled a grant from the Ford Foundation's Educational Facilities Laboratories. But estimates are that the whole thing could be duplicated for about \$25,000—\$10,000 for the bubble, \$4,500 for the asphalt base, \$10,000 for the vinyl grass. In comparison, a real grass court, even without the bubble, costs about \$25,000 to construct and requires the additional expense of upkeep and maintenance. The Forman court, if damaged or worn bare, can be replaced easily square by square. The new surface is already considered so successful that Manhattan's Little Red School House is currently interested in installing an outdoor vinyl playground, and other schools are considering using the surface in their indoor play areas to avoid splinters and skinned knees.



For the deskbound athlete, a swivel-chair gym.

THE PRESS



An open letter to Ted Patrick from 12 of Holiday's 3,263,000 readers



ADMAN OGILVY

"I belong to the society for the enthronement of editors."

MAGAZINES

One-Upmanship

The shirtsleeved editor of *Holiday* Magazine stared pensively from the top of the full-page ad in the New York Times. "An open letter to Ted Patrick from 12 of Holiday's 3,263,000 readers," ran the caption. Underneath was a glowing testimonial to Editor Patrick, 62, and the signatures of Patrick's reader-admirers. The whole thing looked just like what it was: a promotion ad, bought and paid for by *Holiday's* parent, the Curtis Publishing Co. But that wasn't all it was.

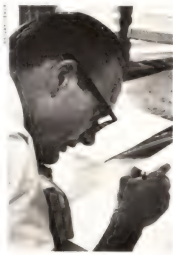
To begin with, Editor Patrick knew nothing about the ad until he saw it in the Times—and his surprise was not altogether agreeable. "If I'd known they were going to run it," he said, "I would have tried to stop it." In the second place, the ad applauded Editor Patrick's "indifference to the pressures of advertisers and the heckling of publishers." Publishers rarely buy ads to confess that they heckle their editors, or to praise their editors for resisting.

The signers were the heads of some of the nation's most successful agencies, and the ad was conceived and written as a bit of six one-upmanship by Madison Avenue Adman and Bestselling Author David (Confessions of an Advertising Man) Ogilvy, 52.*

Since Ogilvy's agency does not have

the Curtis account, he was somewhat surprised when Curtis swallowed his ad whole. No objections were raised to the ad's suggestion that Patrick had been heckled by his publishers—perhaps because Patrick's publishers, if they ever were in a mood to heckle him, have since changed their minds. Of Curtis' four magazines for adults, Patrick's *Holiday* is the only one that has consistently shown a profit during the company's calamitous but recently checked decline (TIME, Dec. 20).

Pleased by public response, Curtis President Matthew J. Culligan called Ogilvy's ad "one of the great media ads of the decade." Others obviously agreed. Next day, by startling coincidence, *Look* Magazine ran a full-page



CONRAD AT WORK

For the best of everything, a pen that knows no party.

paign to its editor, Dan Mich. Adman Ogilvy could harvest the rich rewards of having concealed from Curtis, to the very end, his true motives. "I belong," he said last week, revealing his purpose at last, "to the society for the enthronement of editors and the subordination of those space peddlers who get to be publishers. I've been nauseated by the way those fellows at Curtis have been kicking their editors around. There is only one good one left. And my ad said 'Hooray for him.'"

CARTOONIST

Going West

After the death of the Los Angeles Times's Editorial Cartoonist Bruce Russell last month (of a heart attack at 60), Publisher Otis Chandler went hunting for a successor. Last week Chandler, who wants "the best of everything" for his paper and is prepared to pay the price, announced a considerable catch: the Denver Post's Paul Conrad, 39 (TIME, June 13, 1960), one of the best editorial cartoonists in the U.S.

Cartoonist Conrad is a registered Democrat who says he has "strayed from the path of righteousness and truth" only once—to vote for Eisenhower in 1952. But his pen knows no political party. In Los Angeles he will find much the same political environment that he is getting ready to leave. Both the Post and the Times are Republican papers. But Times Publisher Chandler has promised Conrad the same latitude that he enjoyed in Denver, where, despite occasional remonstrances from Post Publisher Palmer Hoyt, Conrad persisted in depicting former President Eisenhower as progressively senile and slightly vacuous.

Conrad's new three-year contract with the Times will not affect his distribution to some 81 papers through the Des Moines Register and Tribune

THEY ALL GOT SHAVED WITH THIS NEW STAINLESS STEEL BLADE



* Who not only signed, but was also responsible for preserving an error in the ad. In getting permission to use the signatures of Ogilvy's colleagues, Curtis ran into a willing Chicago adman, added his name to make the total 13. But Ogilvy refused to change the figure of 12 appearing in the ad's caption. He was superstitious about using 13 in ad copy, he said.

Syndicate under a contract that has four more years to run. Thus his work will continue to appear in the Denver Post—at least until Palmer Hoyt goes hunting for a successor.

NEWSPAPERS

No Sayonara for Hato-san

Japan's fiercely competitive big-city dailies fight for circulation with all the costly gadgetry of modern news gathering. Walkie-talkies, high-speed teleprinters, facsimile transmitters and radio-equipped cars are standard reportorial accessories. To cover a big story quickly, Tokyo's Yomiuri Shimbun (circ. 3,900,000) will throw in mobile radio-photo units, a brace of helicopters, one of its six airplanes. Beyond all that, Japanese newspapers' rooftops are equipped with some of the oddest journalistic aids in use anywhere today—flocks of carrier pigeons.

In a land of typhoons and earthquakes, carrier pigeons have proved themselves reliable disaster insurance, able to get through with photographic negatives (up to 20 frames of 35 mm. film in a plastic capsule) where modern communications are blacked out. The pigeons broke into journalism when the great 1923 earthquake turned Tokyo into a shambles, forced editors to rely on a small signal-corps flock. The birds soon earned the title "Hato-san." As recently as 1959, when a typhoon smashed the industrial city of Nagoya, leaving telephone and wirephoto services dead, the Nagoya Chubu Nippon used its 200 birds to rush negatives from inundated suburbs.

The pigeons have dovetailed nicely into less somber editorial projects. When Crown Prince Akihito sailed on his first overseas tour, Tokyo's Mainichi Shimbun (circ. 3,800,000) sent along a photographer and four birds: one brought a royal picture home from 250 miles at sea for a front-page scoop. Wings beat for Mainichi again when U.S. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall climbed Mount Fuji in 1961. Halfway to the summit, a cameraman released two pigeons which covered the 70 air miles to Tokyo just in time for the evening edition. The Mainichi flock scored its latest coo last October, flying in with pictures of a sailing race.

Pigeons are now too expensive for most papers: three years ago even Tokyo's largest daily, Asahi (circ. 4,100,000), gave away its 300 birds with the announcement: "Time has come to say sayonara to Hato-san." Still, rival Mainichi keeps two trainers on its staff, spends \$800 a month on a flock of 150. Yomiuri Shimbun has just completed new concrete dovecotes, plans to expand its present 20-bird flock to at least 100 in time for the Olympic Games that take place next fall, just 15 winged minutes across Tokyo—and smack in the middle of the typhoon season.

* A respectful "Mr. [or Miss] Pigeon."

Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



MANY PEOPLE assume that since our stock is traded over the counter, it is not traded very actively. But even we were pleased recently to learn that more shares of Rockwell stock were traded in 1962 than those of 75% of the companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange. For the same period, more Rockwell shares were traded than for 93% of the companies listed on the American Stock Exchange.

This doesn't mean that we don't recognize certain values of a listing on a major exchange. Nor should it suggest that we are forever committed to our unlisted status. Up to now, however, our directors have believed that some aspects of our business were best served by remaining unlisted.

There have been a number of instances where our ability to move quickly to take advantage of business opportunities has resulted in measurable benefits to our shareholders, our customers and employees. It is conceivable that we might have missed out on those opportunities if the red tape a listed company is involved in had caused prolonged delays.

At the same time, however, it is our policy to provide shareholders with as much or more information as is required of listed companies. In fact, the National Security Traders Association recently selected Rockwell's financial communications program as the best conducted by any unlisted industrial company. The program encompassed communications to both shareholders and the professional industrial community.

What we'll do about listing in the future is something of a question. Legislation currently pending in Congress may require the same lengthy reports and red tape from unlisted companies as from listed companies. Should this legislation pass in its present form, our directors would be obliged to give serious—and probably favorable—consideration to listing.

* * *

We used to use a phrase in our advertising, "You can do more with Delta" (power tools). We received a letter recently that makes us wonder if it may not be time to revise it. It says in part, "... one of my old friends faced a very serious family rift—and my business and home life had changed—so I gave the (Rockwell-Delta power tool) equipment to him. He immediately put it to work on projects where his three sons and wife contributed... The result—believe it or not—was that these activities healed the wound and cemented that torn family together for permanent good... Delta did it."

* * *

Careless or unskilled auto drivers should beware of the new Rockwell Drivometer, the latest in a series of testing and measuring devices we have introduced to increase highway safety. This dashboard-mounted unit gives an objective visual record of a driver's proficiency in traffic situations. Traffic safety experts tell us the Drivometer should play a leading role in driver licensing road tests, behind-the-wheel driver education and traffic engineering.

* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY



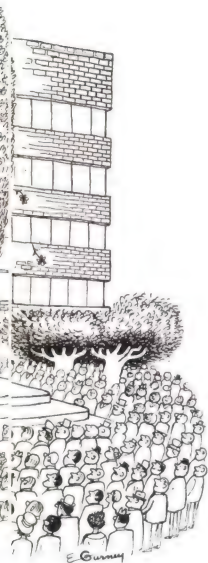
You don't have to be in the South... but it helps!

THE SOUTH CLAIMS no monopoly on industrial success. It can happen almost anywhere. But one thing is sure. It is much more likely to happen in a vital, fast-growing region that offers a superabundance of "built-in" advantages and opportunities for profitable, long-range growth.

Such a region is the modern South! Here, manufacturers find a friendly "climate of growth" that is bound to help them grow. High on the list, for example, is the ready availability of intelligent, competent workers, anxious to get steady jobs in local industries. And they're ready and willing to do an honest day's work in exchange for good jobs. Good workers, plus a host of other basic, long-range growth assets, have combined to bring strong, steady expansion in the industrial economy of the region in recent years. Here is proof . . .

A U.S. Department of Commerce study just released shows that in the 1950's and early 1960's the South outpaced the national averages in 26 of 31 lines of business activities surveyed. Even in the other five fields, the South lagged only slightly behind.

This is growth with a capital "G"! It is happening right here . . . right now. Let our Industrial Development Department tell you all about it. No obligation, of course, and in complete confidence. Call or write today. "Look Ahead — Look South!"



Dwight D. Brown
PRESIDENT



SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

WASHINGTON, D.C.

SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

The Honest Chiseler

More than a century had elapsed after the death of John Paul Jones before the U.S. naval hero's grave was discovered in Paris. By then the appearance of the remains could be tested for verisimilitude only by comparison with a portrait bust of 1781. But the proof was easy. Not only did the dead admiral resemble the sculpture, but the skull shape and measurements were almost identical. And that was not surprising: the marble Jones was sculpted by the deftest hand that touched stone during the 18th century in France, Jean-Antoine Houdon.

Parted Lips. Though he was well-steeped in the classical tradition of sculpture that ennobles the sitter's profile, Houdon was incapable of flattery. He did not spare the peckmarks on the face of French Revolutionary Mirabeau, or embellish the vapid looks of the young Lafayette, or face-lift the homely dewlap of Ben Franklin. The result is that the popular likenesses today of some of the greatest men of the revolutionary periods in France and America started with the passionately accurate chisel of Houdon. Now on view at Massachusetts' Worcester Art Museum is the U.S.'s first comprehensive look, through 33 works, at original likenesses by the great portrait sculptor.

Houdon sculpted with shadow as much as with stone, drilling out the pupils for an astonishingly lifelike look instead of leaving the eyeballs blank. He chiseled out individual character, pried out the significant wrinkle and the evanescent gesture. He parted his subjects' lips so that they seemed ready to speak. Unlike the rococo court sculptors who used the female figure as cool erotic decoration, the neoclassical Houdon used the solid curves of woman to convey sensible warmth. His *Shivering Girl* and an even more naked *Diana* were denied admission to the Paris Salon in 1785. Said a critic: "She was too beautiful and too nude to be exposed in public." In short, Houdon was too faithful and true to life.

In the Young U.S. Living in the times of the French Enlightenment, Houdon became one of the first sculptors to live independent of noble patronage. He did the great intellects: Voltaire, Diderot, Condorcet, D'Alembert, Buffon. Commissions then brought him to the young U.S. to sculpt Washington in his stolid soldierliness, Franklin in his honest wisdom, Jefferson in his aristocratic brilliance.

At a time when the common man gained his elegance, Houdon treated the great as common men. He crossed with ease from the decaying era of divine right of kings to that of the inalienable rights of men because Houdon was fascinated more with physiognomy than with crowns.

Dance Without the Dancer

They were some of the strangest creatures ever to cavort upon a stage, those ballerinas in George Balanchine's 1946 ballet, *The Four Temperaments*. Swaddled with shreds of drapery, bodices bandaged with ribbons, they seemed like cats' playthings, a ragpicker's delight, a macabre masquerade of Martians. Only a slipped leg or two revealed that they were real live dancers, panoplied in fantastic dress by Surrealist Kurt Seligmann. But it was natural that Seligmann would design costumes for diversion. His art always cloaked anatomy in fanciful clothes. In costume design or painting, he could easily subtract the dancer from the dance (see opposite page).

In the Fourth Dimension. Swiss by birth, Kurt Seligmann grew up in Basel, studied art in Geneva, and in 1929 joined the Abstraction-Creation group in Paris. There he worked with Jean Arp in surrealist exploration of a limbo of landscape of imaginary objects utterly divorced from reality. Like Arp, he drew "biomorphs," or lifelike forms—egg shapes, darning sticks, blobs, crisply drawn over tempera grounds. To shock the stuffy, he dutifully garlanded a guitar with ivy and epaulettes, fitted a stool with four female legs clad in silk stockings. But it he seemed to be trying only to be fashionable, he was nonetheless learning to break down the four dimensions of cubism, and to free art from slavish analysis of natural structure. A show of 47 works that opens this week at Manhattan's D'Arcy Galleries shows how distant he got from nature, yet how close he remained.

In 1935, he married Arlette Paraf, a niece of the great art dealer Georges Wildenstein, and no longer had to run with the pack. Just before World War II, Seligmann, a gentle, elegant, bookish man, emigrated to the U.S., where he and his wife lived on a roomy farm near Sugar Loaf, N.Y. He designed ballet costumes and scenery occasionally, painted steadily, and grew increasingly interested in black magic. He acquired a 300-volume library of occult literature. He even wrote an extensive survey of wizardry, *Mirror of Magic*, and admitted that his paintings were often a reflection of it. "I have interpreted them in my own way," he said, "endowing them with animal and vegetable life, and with that mysterious growth of the mineral world." He wanted to make his own magic.

Flattened Seligmannikins. Even when he masked human anatomy, Seligmann evoked its posture in a love for man's image. As he developed, his Seligmannikins flattened more and more onto the surface of his canvases. Yet they retained the energy of existence, as if held up by ballooning lungs filled with air.



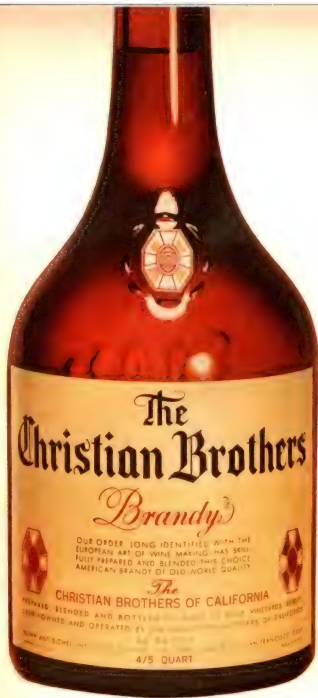
HOUDON'S "SHIVERING GIRL"
A sensible warmth.



**KURT SELIGMANN'S
LIGHT FANTASTIC**

In the eerie choreography of *The Den of the Winds* (above) or the sagging accordionlike creatures of *Mennon and the Butterflies* (below), Swiss-born Seligmann intimated human forms by posture rather than by figure.





**Only America's
No. 1 Brandy**



**Is smoothest
on-the-rocks!**

The Christian Brothers Brandy is the number one brandy in sales in the U.S. by a large margin. The reason? It's number one in smoothness. Because it's the brandy that's made differently from all others—made in special stills, with special blending of fine mature brandies according to a special formula. Taste the smoothness of the Christian Brothers Brandy. On-the-rocks? Tonight? It will be your one brand of brandy from now on.

For the copyrighted BRANDY DRINK SELECTOR, giving recipes for many brandy drinks, write: The Christian Brothers, Department SH, 2030 Union Street, San Francisco 23, California.

BR. FRON. SOLE IMPORTERS: FRANK AND JOSEPH, INC., NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO

Man's presence in the paintings was as ephemeral as life itself. The figures might exhale abruptly, and in a trice all would collapse like empty clothes falling to a closet floor.

"Wanting to Tell the Truth"

His art tells stories of mutilation and decay. Human and animal forms writhe in agony, ravaged, burning, sometimes headless creatures caught, on canvas and in sculpture, in their final tortured moments. No artist since Goya has been more preoccupied with the portrayal of death than Rico Lebrun. To him, the exploration of mortality is a means of confrontation, and his expressions of "the fright of human flesh" are an attempt to come to terms with the fate of man. And these days, Lebrun is engaged in a private confrontation: at 63, he is suffering from cancer.

Lying on a steel-frame hospital bed



LEBRUN AT WORK
A private confrontation.

in West Los Angeles, mindful of his current show in nearby Newport Beach of painting and of the sculpture that he turned to in recent years, he muses at length about his art. "All my life, I've seen the human form as a container for drama, for all the joy and for all the tragedy, at all times for everything. I think I'd be very upset if I felt I hadn't improved, if I felt I hadn't grown up."

"Sculpture is the most absorbing thing I've ever done. I'll never forget the day my assistant looked up and said, 'What about a cup of coffee?' I said, 'What about lunch instead?' 'What lunch?' he said. 'It's 6 o'clock.' Anyone can see that in the last four or five years I was quieting down, getting richer and quieter in my work: this was sculpture beginning to tap me on the shoulder."

"Sometimes I ask myself, why have I done the figure over and over again, over and over again? Is this a crazy thing to do? I know what the figure should be. Why the hell have I been trying to tell people what they look like? I don't know. I don't know. But it comes down to wanting to tell the truth about something. An artist must tell the truth—that's it."

What makes you so sure Color TV is perfected?

I own a Zenith!



HAVE YOU SEEN ZENITH—THE HANDCRAFTED COLOR TV?

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January 24, 1964

450,000 Shares

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Common Stock

(Par Value \$1.00 Per Share)

Price \$27.75 per share

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CLERGY

The Rev. Mayor of Dijon

If a New Yorker mentions the name Wagner to a bartender, all he is likely to get is a growl. But if a citizen of the French city of Dijon mentions the name of his mayor to a waiter in a bistro, he gets an *apéritif* made of three-fourths dry white wine, one-fourth *Crème de Cassis*. The kir is Dijon's tribute to the Rev. Félix Kir, the improbable Roman Catholic priest who is mayor of this city of 142,000.

Jaunty old Canon Kir is a Gallic equivalent of the late Fiorello La Guardia—a Napoleon-sized (5 ft. 3 in.) "autocrat" with no inhibitions. In his normal dress of beret, black cassock and high-laced shoes, Kir occasionally de-

curate, but was drafted by the Bishop of Dijon for a team of priestly commandos who specialized in street-corner evangelism. He learned to give free-thinking hecklers tit for tat. "You talk a lot about God, but we've never seen him," one yelled at him. "Prove to us he exists." Answered the canon: "You've never seen my *derrière*. Have you? Nevertheless, it exists!"

Only with Generals. Kir more or less appointed himself mayor of Dijon in June 1940 after the town's officials fled before the advancing German armies. When a German colonel burst through the door and extended his hand, Kir spurned it. "Excuse me," he said, "but I only shake hands with generals." For a few months the Germans kept Kir on as town overseer—until they discovered that he had put municipal employees to work forging false identity cards for escaped prisoners of war. He was convicted on charges of aiding the Resistance, spent 57 days in a death cell. When he kept up his work with the underground after his release, the Germans sent French collaborators to kill him; Kir survived only because a bullet aimed at his heart hit a thick notebook in his chest pocket.

After the war, Kir was overwhelmingly elected mayor as a moderate conservative. Dijon's anticlericals admit that he has scrupulously shunned favoring the interests of his church. Kir's antics infuriate some other priests and conservative Catholic laymen, but his discreetly tolerant bishop refers to him as "a very worthy priest."

Caloric Cuisine. Kir has enthusiastically "twinned" Dijon in friendship with 18 foreign cities, from Stalingrad to Kankan in Guinea to Dallas. And Kir sticks by his friends: he stoutly resisted a proposal, after the Kennedy assassination, to change the name of Dijon's Rue Dallas.

Age has not yet withered Mayor Kir, and he has no intention of bowing out of office. He still celebrates noon Mass frequently at the Gothic church of Notre Dame near the town hall, manages to show up for, and partake in, nearly every banquet in town. He freely attributes his vitality to Burgundy's caloric cuisine. "I don't follow any diet, have no liver trouble, and don't touch mineral water," he says. "I just eat a little of everything, and wash it down with red and white Burgundies."

ANGLICANS

Battle over Benefices

"This is the most important document ever to come before a Church Assembly," said the Rt. Rev. Kenneth Riches, Anglican Bishop of Lincoln. The document is a dry, statistic-laden paperback called *The Deployment and Payment of the Clergy*. But behind that grey title it is an incisive, reform-

demanding anatomy of Christian Britain and the Church of England.

Written by Anglican Layman Leslie Paul at the request of the church's Central Advisory Council for the Ministry, the report is an attack on the quaint English parish system that dates back to Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury in the 7th century. Today the Church of England has 15,488 priests for its 14,491 parishes, but no equitable way to distribute them. Only about 6,000 of the church's clerical livings are directly assigned by bishops and diocesan authorities. Nearly 2,600 are benefices controlled by Anglican laymen as private patrons. Others are filled by Oxford, Cambridge and the Crown, which have the right to appoint rectors on behalf of benefactors who are aliens, lunatics or Roman Catholics. A few parish advowsons (the right of filling a benefice) can even be bought on the open market, like used castles.

Feudal Chaos. The feudal chaos of special privileges is compounded by the fact that once most priests are installed in their parishes, they possess them for life as "parson's freeholds," and they cannot be budged except for heresy, grave crime or the promise of richer livings. As a result, about one-fifth of England's clergy gloom about in ghost parishes with a handful of communicants and faintly Trollopean titles. Another fifth can barely keep up with the man-killing spiritual work of fast-growing suburban parishes.

Paul proposed that the church transform its lifetime parish freeholds into leaseholds with a maximum tenure of 15 years. Bishops, who themselves would be limited to 15-year terms, would have the right of appointment to all livings in the dioceses, in consultation with regional staff boards and a new centralized personnel office for the clergy. Paul proposed that bishops should amalgamate many small city parishes, and that benefice income should be pooled to create a common fund, thereby allowing bishops to establish a uniform salary scale for the clergy—and to reward the more talented priests with appropriate raises.

"Revolution of the Vicarage." Paul's recommendations will be debated at the Church Assembly next month. Meantime, his ideas touched off what London's Sunday Times called "a battle royal" among the clergy. In the Anglo-Catholic Church Times, the Venerable Guy Mayfield, Archdeacon of Hastings, summed up the report as "sometimes unhappy and amateurish and sometimes superfluous." Roman Catholics and Methodist ministers spoke up in envy of the freedom of speech that went with the "virtual irremovability" of the Anglican vicar. But nearly everyone agreed that something had to be done about the outdated freehold system, and, in the Laborite Daily Herald, the Rev. Nick Stacey of Woolwich, crying "Reform or die," called for a "revolution at the vicarage."



CANON KIR
A Gallic version of Fiorello.

scends on the gendarme directing traffic at Dijon's Coin du Miroir, takes over, creates monumental traffic tie-ups. At the inauguration of a new public school gymnasium, Kir, cassock and all, shinned up five feet of rope to answer a photographer's challenge. When he found himself locked out of his apartment, Kir stalked back to a firehouse, borrowed a ladder, climbed up two stories, smashed a window with his elbow, crawled inside.

Songs & Toasts. Charles de Gaulle has called him "the clown in a cassock." But mustard-making Dijon loves him. The city has happily elected him mayor and Deputy to Parliament for 18 years. Last week, on his 88th birthday, his desk was piled high with congratulatory messages. The band of the local infantry regiment turned up at town hall to serenade him with Burgundian drinking songs, and everyone joined in a toast—a kir, of course.

Kir began his career as a country

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SPORT

THE OLYMPICS

Death on the Slopes

It is a matter of record that on Dec. 22, 1963, 14 in. of snow fell on Memphis, Tenn. It is also a matter of record that less than 12 in. of snow fell on Innsbruck, Austria, during the whole of December. The point, of course, is that Innsbruck is a ski resort in the Tyrolean Alps—and the site, this week, of the ninth Winter Olympics.

Imported Snow. Ski resorts have learned to cope with such whims of nature. Off to the upper Alps trooped 3,000 Austrian soldiers, with orders to bring back snow or else. They brought back tons of the stuff—in trucks, in earth movers, in wicker baskets slung on their backs. Some 40,000 cubic meters were dumped on the ski courses; another 20,000 cubic meters were set aside for "emergency withdrawals." Six huge snow-making machines, imported from the U.S., worked night and day, spraying ice crystals on the bobbed and sled runs. Finally, last week, Austria's own Toni Sailer, who won all three Alpine skiing events at the 1956 Olympics, took a trial run down the men's downhill, pronounced it "fantastic—like out of a test tube"—and all of Innsbruck heaved a mighty sigh of relief.

So far, so good. But the sun still shone brightly, temperatures climbed into the upper 30s and each day more of the imported snow melted away. To protect what little was left, Austrian officials refused to allow Alpine skiers to train on the Olympic slopes. "They can have all the practice they want," said one, "but not on the official courses."

At Half-Mast. Handicapped all winter by a lack of snow in Europe (most pre-Olympic downhill races had to be canceled), the athletes protested bitterly. The casualty lists mounted alarmingly as they sought to sharpen their skills. Most of the favorites es-

caped unscathed. Oregon's Jean Sauher, fully recovered from a touch of the flu, flashed the form that already has won four races this winter. But each day brought new reports of bruises, cuts, twisted muscles and broken bones. And there was worse: trying to negotiate a tricky turn on the ice-coated luge (sled) run, Britain's Kazimierz Skrzypecki, 50, lost control of his flimsy craft and crashed. Rushed to a hospital with a ruptured aorta and fractures of the skull, arm and pelvis, Skrzypecki died 27 hours later—the first fatality in the history of the Winter Olympics. Then, to everyone's horror, there was a second death. Practicing for the men's downhill race, Australian Skier Ross Milne, 19, missed a turn on the icy slopes and slammed sickeningly into a tree at 50 m.p.h. He never regained consciousness.

At Innsbruck, the gaily colored Olympic flags were lowered to half-mast.

FISHING

Fox of the Flats

Big-game fishermen naturally think big, and they tend to sneer at anything under 20 lbs. But there is one little fish found in the world's warm waters that sends salt-water anglers into shivering ecstasy and rates up with the monster marlin and tuna. The name is bonefish (*Albula vulpes*, literally white fox). The biggest ever caught on rod and reel weighed only 19 lbs. A ten-pounder is worth mounting in the game room, and a 15-pounder is brags forever. Baseball's retired great, Ted Williams, fishes as passionately as he played. He once landed a 1,235-lb. black marlin off Peru. And what does he do now? He lives in Florida, poking around the Keys after bonefish. "The toughest salt-water fish there is," says he, adding with a slight smirk that he has caught more than 1,000 in his lifetime.



ANGLER WILLIAMS & NO. 1,000-PLUS
Like a nervous wreck.

In Florida last week, so many fishermen were chasing bonefish that some guides were booked solid, seven days a week clear up to April—at \$50 a crack. Yet a less spectacular target for such frenzied attack could hardly be imagined. The bonefish looks a little like a herring; in fact, it is a kind of herring—long, scaly cigar-shaped body and all. It does not pursue its food like a proper game fish but grubbs around the shallows, gulping down evil-smelling worms and other tidbits. People who have sampled its flesh discreetly describe it as "gamy," and even the Japanese can think of nothing better to do with bonefish than grind them up for fish cakes.

Lights & Inner Tubes. But try to catch one. No fish has a greater ability to bewilder, bedevil, confuse and confound a fisherman, and none, pound for pound, fights harder. Because it inhabits exposed tidal flats, the bonefish is a nervous wreck—always on the lookout for enemies, spooking at the shadow of a bird overhead, fleeing in panic from the sound of a beer can being opened. Ever so stealthily, the bonefisherman tiptoes across the flats, taking care not to step on sting rays, his freshly baited hook (live shrimp is tasty) all ready, his eyes peeled for a waving tail, a moving shadow, anything that might suggest bonefish. Once in a while he sees the fish before it sees him. Not often.

Hawaiian sportsmen try to beat the game by jack-lighting bonefish at night with miners' head lamps. In Bermuda, they wade out to deeper water where the bonefish hopefully feels more secure—but that risks a dunking, and the shrewd Bermudian floats himself out in Junior's inner tube. The best way is in a flat-bottomed skiff with an expert guide like Florida's George Hommel to spot the fish and patiently explain the tech-



AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS REPLENISHING THE SLOPES
Like out of a test tube.

nique. "You cast ahead of the fish, in the direction he's moving," says Hommel. "You try to get six to ten feet in front of him. In the grass flats, you let the lure drift, and hope he'll pick it up. In the rocky bottoms, you twitch it a little to catch his attention, because he's going by sight rather than by smell. But if a bonefish wants the bait, he won't nose around much—he'll just strike."

Too Pooped to Swim. Anyone who has ever hooked into a bonefish will never forget that moment. The first touch of steel sends *Albula vulpes* racing away in water-spraying terror, ripping off 100 yds. or more of line, straightening hooks, breaking swivels, or maybe snarling the whole shebang around a clump of mangroves. A little six-pounder can snap an 8-lb.-test line, and a big one takes all the luck an angler can muster. Recalls Golfer Sam Snead, who set a class record that still stands by catching a 15-pounder in 1953: "I was using live shrimp. I overcast, and had to feed the line back to get it to him. God, did he take it! He took off and ran at least 130 yds. The guide poled the boat over, and I thought I had him. 'No,' said the guide. 'He'll go again.' The second time, the fish really let go. He went out and back and then under the boat, and I had to put the rod under, too." Continues Sam, modestly: "No one could have caught that fish unless he was an experienced fisherman. It took me 25 minutes to bring him in."

A fish like that commands respect, sir. Solicitude, even. "Bonefish fight so hard that they almost deserve to get away," says Pete Perinchief, 43, director of Bermuda's Fishing Information Bureau and a bonefish evangelist. He fishes only with artificial lures ("More sporting, y'know"), once caught a 13-pounder on 6-lb.-test line—and releases practically every fish he lands. He even has a technique for reviving a fish that has fought so long and hard that it no longer has the strength to swim. Gently cradling the fish in one hand, he wiggles its tail until it comes around. "Artificial respiration," he explains.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Thailand's Pone Kingpetch, 27: his third world flyweight (112 lbs.) championship, beating Japan's Hiroyuki Ebihara, who knocked him out in one round last September, by a split decision, in Bangkok's steaming (90°) Rajdamnern Stadium.

► Tony Lema, 29: the \$40,500 Bing Crosby National, by three strokes, at Pebble Beach, Calif. Drenching rain and gale-force winds played havoc with scores. Arnold Palmer took a 9 on a par-3 hole. Bob Rusburg 6-putted on one hole, and Bob Harrison scored an even 100 for the last 18. "My sense of humor saved me," said "Champagne Tony," who collected \$5,800 and promptly threw a bubble-water party for the press.



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MEDICINE

SURGERY

First Heart Transplant

Surgeons at the University of Mississippi Medical Center in Jackson last week performed history's first recorded transplant of a heart into a human being. At first they refused to identify either donor or recipient, but later announced that the heart had come from a chimpanzee. In a three-hour operation, it had been transplanted into a man dying of irreversible heart disease. It beat for an hour, but proved too small, and the recipient died. In the fast-growing record of transplants, the initial failure was not nearly so significant as the fact that the surgeons' skills were equal to the bold attempt.



ST. LOUIS PATIENTS TAKING GASMETER TESTS
The answer comes in orange balloons.

CARDIOLOGY

Take It How Easy?

Every day hundreds of heart-attack survivors are given the same advice. "Learn to take it easy and you can still look forward to a long and productive life." But when the patient returns to the routines of normal living, the question remains: What is easy enough? Many, inspired perhaps by the example of the nation's two most famous heart patients, Lyndon B. Johnson and Dwight D. Eisenhower, try to do too much too soon, and end up back in the hospital with a second heart attack.

Every patient's safety margin is different, and at the Jewish Hospital of St. Louis, Dr. Franz U. Steinberg is carrying out experiments that expose chronic congestive-heart-failure patients to most of the physical stresses they may expect to encounter after going home or back to work. The carefully tabulated results are expected to set safe and sensible limits to normal exertion.

Oxygen Debt. In a room that looks more like a home-economics lab than a hospital ward, women wash and iron

clothes, bake custards and brownies, make dresses on a sewing machine. Men work in carpentry, repair the sewing machine (the actual trade of one patient), walk to and from a desk carrying stacks of books, use filing cabinets. Pulse checks are made before, during and after any exertion, but the most valuable gauge of heart strain is a gadget called a "respiration gasmeter," which tells Dr. Steinberg most of what he wants to know.

The respiration gasmeter, invented at the Max Planck Institute of Dortmund, Germany, weighs 8½ lbs., is about the size of a lunchbox, and includes a transparent face mask attached to the box by a flexible hose. It operates on the principle that physical work involves en-

ergy consumption that can be measured by the amount of oxygen the body consumes. Air expelled from the patient's lungs during a work period is collected through the face mask and stored in an orange balloon. Then the balloon is detached and its contents analyzed. Measurement of the amount of unused oxygen tells Dr. Steinberg whether the patient's heart is being forced to work overtime in order to get enough oxygen-deficient blood to the tissues.

Never Before. By combining the information obtained from the gasmeter with pulse checks and with the patient's own reactions, Dr. Steinberg judges just how strenuous and how dangerous any exertion is for any individual. If ironing, for example, is overtaxing, rest breaks every 30 minutes may be prescribed. Or ironing may be ruled out entirely while cooking remains O.K. Once the patient is sent home, follow-up visits are made by hospital staffers to check on such things as anxieties and family tensions, which also affect the heart. A 55-year-old patient, who had been in the hospital six times before, left the hospital last week with new hopes and ex-

pectations. "The way I feel now," he said, "I don't think I'll ever have to go back to the hospital again. I definitely know what I can do now, as never before."

CANCER

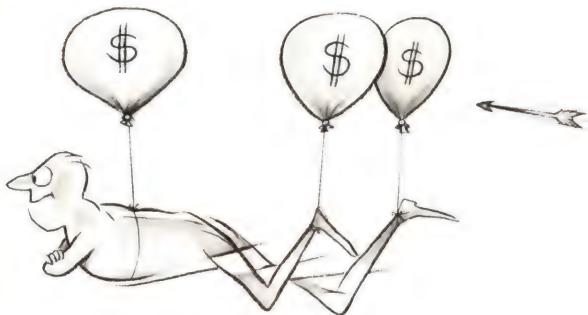
The Extent of Immunity

Good health carries with it some kind of immunity to cancer; even when cancer cells are injected or implanted under the skin of a healthy person, they die off and cause no disease. Cancer patients lack this immunity, and cancer cells from another victim will grow for a while in their bodies. Researchers at Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute discovered these two basic facts years ago by injecting cancer cells into themselves, into prisoner-volunteers at the Ohio Penitentiary in Columbus, and into cooperating patients with advanced cancer, at Manhattan's Memorial Hospital. But a nagging question remained: Is this lack of immunity peculiar to the cancer patient; is it a result of his particular disease, or does a similar problem afflict debilitated patients suffering from unrelated diseases?

Last week the Sloan-Kettering researchers, headed by Dr. Chester M. Southam, announced the answer. With the cooperation of Dr. Emanuel E. Mandel at Brooklyn's Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital, cancer cells were injected under the skin of 19 patients severely ill from non-cancer diseases. The cancer cells did not "take" in any of these non-cancer patients (though four have since died, and one of them had an unrelated, hitherto undetected cancer of the bladder). Immunity to cancer is evidently a universal phenomenon, and it is lost only in the special circumstances, still not understood, in which cancer develops.

But clear and hopeful as the report was, it was shadowed by a storm in which a member of the Brooklyn hospital's board of trustees charged that the Brooklyn patients had been used "as guinea pigs . . . in secret experiments . . . without their consent," that they had not been told what they were being injected with, and that their own doctors had not been told. Dr. Mandel conceded the patients had not been told that the injections were to be of cancer cells, but he insisted they had known they were being tested for immunity against cancer, and had given verbal consent. Hospital Director Solomon Siegel added that the patients knew they were being injected with cells. "The fact that the cells were cancerous," he declared "is immaterial."

Before the experiment started, Sloan-Kettering doctors satisfied themselves there was no danger that any of the subjects would contract cancer. What the doctors wanted to measure was the rate of cancer-cell rejection. But the fact that patients were not told the exact nature of the injections made the resulting outcry understandable.



Possibly. But suppose you want to buy a new car or move into a new house. Or you have a chance to buy a boat at a good price. Or it's time to send the kids to college. The only way a salary increase could help raise the cash for expenditures like these would be to put it into a long-range savings plan and wait. Maybe for years.

If you're like most of us, the immediate answer lies in *borrowed* money. But from whom? And where? Does any financial institution know you well enough to lend you that kind of money at long-term, easily-payable rates? Low rates?



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Get to know a banker before you need him

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THE THEATER

Dance of Death

Dylan, by Sidney Michaels, covers Dylan Thomas' last few years, when the man who had put his life force into his poetry was putting a death wish into his life. T. S. Eliot once said that to think of Dylan dying was like thinking of an empire falling. To see Dylan Thomas dying on the stage is like watching a once raging fire being extinguished. Even the alcoholic cause of death, a "wet brain," chillingly suggests the dark dark extinction of the light of the mind.

This dying light is marvelously mirrored in the smoky anguish of Alec Guinness' eyes, and it gives him the look of a man ravaged by the pain of being and the dread of not being. Perfectly miming every state of alcoholic disequilibrium, Guinness does a dance of death at ever-varying tempos. It can be antic, as when he pats the bottom of an Old Howard burlesque stripper in Boston, and reminds her that he will be reading his poems at Radcliffe. It can be a gallant agony of slow motion, as he disciplines drunken legs to march to the podium on his reading tours. It becomes the jabbing dance of the prize ring with Caitlin (Kate Reid), his wife and scarring partner, as their savage domestic infighting vividly creates the image of a marriage where words not only lead to blows but are blows. Kate Reid is shatteringly good in portraying the kind of woman who marries her author ego.

The play is not the equal of its star. It dwells on the collected anecdotes and cocktail parties of the lecture tours, the college girls sedulously seeking Dylan's

sexual autograph, the bar-buddy publisher, the biographer (John Malcolm Brinnin) who invited, chaperoned and wrote about Dylan Thomas in America. But these are the faintest echo chambers for the conflict that split Thomas' skull. The torment of the lyric poet is that lyric poetry is essentially a young man's form. The time comes when the world must be seen more through the eyes of wisdom than of wonder. The romantic in Dylan Thomas would not or could not meet the demands and responsibilities of age. Dylan, the play, shadows the eternally youthful hell raiser, but only Alec Guinness, the actor, probes the special hell in which the man lived.

The Miller's Tale

After the Fall. After more than eight years of silence, Arthur Miller returns to the stage and launches the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater in a torrent of self-revelation. His new play is a memory book of betrayals, a soliloquy with his conscience, an exorcism of guilt, an intimate manual of bad marriages, a chronicle of the birth of a writer, a dirge for the death of love, and underlying all, a tormented but intellectualized quest for self-justification.

The Furies who pursue the playwright are his mother, his first wife, and his second wife, Marilyn Monroe. The transparent disguising of himself as a lawyer named Quentin and of Marilyn as a bigtime songstress named Maggie exists to be penetrated, and Miller's uninhibited autobiographical candor poses for playgoer and critic alike the disconcerting task of judging the conduct of his life and his code for the conduct of life. Yet to dispute Miller's moral conclusions, or lack of them, is not to deny the jarring impact of his play, which Director Elia Kazan has charged with theatrical electricity. *Fall* is endlessly fascinating, emotionally harrowing, and consumingly committed to telling the truth as Miller sees it.

In craggy-faced despair and large-voiced grief, Jason Robards Jr. roams the bare multileveled arena stage of the center's temporary Greenwich Village home to narrate and act out the Miller's tale in a brilliant, grueling, three-hour performance. In the beginning, there was Mom. She is an angry, unfulfilled woman whose passport to college was revoked by a family-arranged marriage with a shipping merchant whom she regards as her inferior and lashes with verbal contempt. Infused with guilt by the warring parents and wanting to make up to Mom for her frustration and unhappiness, the boy takes his cues and values from the mother. "I want your handwriting beautiful, darling," she says, and the writer in Miller is given an beginning.

Wife No. 1 (Mariclare Costello) is a variation on Mom. She is steely, self-



MILLER & LODEN ON OPENING NIGHT
Tormented quest for self-justification.

contained; he is cold, remote, self-centered. The pair deny themselves to each other. He is parched for the reassurance that he is capable of love, when Maggie-Marilyn sits beside him on a park bench. She appeals to his Pygmalion complex, the power to shape another human being. He pities her vulnerability, admires her gift for living in the present without justifying her actions or impulses. To her he is a wondrous king—of books. Each weds his own deepest inadequacy, his far love, hers for learning. In an exquisitely modulated performance, Barbara Loden never mimics Marilyn Monroe so far as to mock her, and when the self-destructive ordeal of drink and barbiturates begins, she becomes as pitifully touching as the drowning Ophelia.

During this ordeal, Quentin-Miller is agonized but strangely inhuman. In one telling scene where Maggie-Marilyn is crawling across the floor begging him to take the pills away from her, he lectures her with stony and selfish Freudian logic: "I take them; and then we fight, and then I give them up, and you take the death from me. You see what's happening? You've been setting me up for a murder."

In *After the Fall*, Arthur Miller really wants the playgoer to take those pills, to share his guilt and pronounce his absolution. He finds a more personal forgiveness in a third wife (Salome Jens), who having lived with the guilty horrors of concentration camps is capable of coping with what Miller apparently regards as the equivalent tragedy of his own life. "You have got to start facing the consequences of your actions," says the hero of *Fall*, but he never lives by that precept. He shows little remorse for abandoning his first wife and child, or leaving his second in mortal peril, whether or not she could have been saved from suicide. The code of *Fall* is when life seems unbearable, find a new woman and start a new life. Apart from ignoring duty, such a code lacks all tragic sense.



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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

RADIO

Against the Bland

California's Pacifica Foundation, which operates radio stations in the San Francisco area, Los Angeles and New York, is a sort of low-frequency Hyde Park Speakers' Corner, providing broadcasting facilities for almost anyone who wants to express any point of view. Graphic sexuality and earnest Communism often reach the air through Pacifica stations, plus smatterings of scatology and black magic, not to mention any number of broadcasts of the plays of Shakespeare, the works of Wagner, and the theological sentiments of people like George Herbert and John Donne.

Pacifica's free-wheeling forum draws many protests as well as thousands of subscribers (the stations use no commercials). The complaints piled up, and when the Federal Communications Commission sat last week to decide whether to grant or renew the licenses of the various Pacifica stations, there was an air of supreme courtship about the judgment. The FCC supported Pacifica and granted the licenses, saying that if it were to throw Pacifica off the air because some people were offended, the Bill of Rights would be violated and, moreover, "only the wholly in-offensive, the bland, could gain access to the radio microphone or TV camera" thereafter.

BROADWAY

Campaigner

Mercedes McCambridge, offstage, is a candid person, kind, attractive, unsophisticated, and without visible defenses. But onstage or on-camera, she can somehow suggest the sort of skittered arachnid that bites through everything in its path. Two weeks ago, Mercy McCambridge took over from Uta Hagen, playing opposite Donald Davis, as the harriidan in Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* With this new, brown-eyed, waspish savage, the producers have probably added a year to the run.

As the newswoman Sadie Burke, she nipped at the heels of Broderick Crawford in Hollywood's *All the King's Men*, winning an Oscar as the best supporting actress of 1949. She had been a radio soap-opera star (*Big Sister, This Is Nora Drake*). But Hollywood instantly claimed her as its new resident shriek, and she has lived there over the past dozen years, making pictures like *Johnny Guitar*, *Giant*, *A Farewell to Arms* and *Suddenly Last Summer*. "Every day," she says, remembering *Summer*, "the makeup department would spend an hour making Elizabeth Taylor look more dazzling, and then another hour and a half making me look worse."

What saved her from being bored to death was that she was an Adlai

Stevenson Democrat. She traveled endlessly in Stevenson's behalf during the campaigns of 1952 and 1956, and led the crowd that stormed the Los Angeles convention to draft him in 1960. "I don't know if I'm interested in politics or just Stevensonism," she says. "There are two kinds of people in this world as far as I'm concerned—everybody else, and Adlai Stevenson."

Charlotte Mercedes Agnes McCambridge, now 46, was raised on a farm within 80 miles of Adlai's home in Libertyville, Ill. She went to Mundelein College in Chicago and was married soon after graduation to a boy "whose father was a minister, and I thought that sounded nice and permanent. We went to Mexico to live like Tolstoy." The marriage did not last.



McCAMBRIDGE & DAVIS IN "WOOLF"
For the resident shriek, a harriidan's role.

nor did her second one, to Fletcher Markle, once the young wizard of Canadian broadcasting. Her personal life, in fact, has been a long bout with a troubled psyche. A little over a year ago, her 20-year-old son was nearly killed by four attacking thugs, and soon after recovering he was back in the hospital, near death, as a result of an auto accident. The strain was too much, and the mother opened her medicine cabinet and ate every pill in it.

More than 7,000 wires and letters of encouragement reached her in the hospital, one of the first from Adlai Stevenson. Things seem different now. Her son will graduate in June with honors from U.C.L.A., then hopes to go on to Harvard Law School. She has found the caliber of work that once won her an Oscar, placing her own considerable stamp on what is currently one of Broadway's best and most difficult roles.

And when Adlai isn't busy squiring official visitors like Lady Bird Johnson, he often goes out with Mercy McCambridge, and their names flash up the next day in columns.

Mr. CBS

In recent years, nothing has succeeded like CBS. Its shows have dominated television for a decade. Since the beginning of the current season, Nielsen has listed twelve CBS shows among the top 15 in prime time and ten out of ten in the daytime. The company's stock has doubled in value in the past year. Its income for the most recently reported quarter was 97% higher than it had been a year before.

To the outside eye, this chariot full of gold seems to be hauled by a troika of executives, and there is considerable uncertainty as to who is lead horse. There is handsome, coldly decisive James Aubrey, president of the CBS-TV network, who last week anted up \$28.2 million for TV rights for the 1964 and 1965 National Football League regular games, outbidding both NBC and ABC. There is Dr. Frank Stanton, who is president of Columbia Broadcasting System—in which Aubrey's CBS-TV is only one of seven divisions (CBS Radio, Columbia Records, etc.). Unquestioned boss man is William Samuel Paley. He started CBS. For 35 years he has developed it, shaped it, and saved it when necessary—until 1946 as president and since then, as chairman of the board.

If he cared, Paley could be much more obvious in the national eye. "I have a much less public life than others do in my kind of position," he says. "Some people stumble and take it as it comes, but I try to hold a reasonable balance between my public and my private life, probably because my private life is so attractive."

What Money Can't Buy. It is indeed. From physical condition to family, he has everything money can't buy. At 62, he has a physique that many a younger man might envy; works out regularly at a gym. He has a connoisseur's taste but an aristocrat's reticence about acknowledging it. "Me a gourmet?" he says deprecatingly, when he actually craves things like river pike drenched in crayfish butter and will, under interrogation and a glaring light, admit that one day last summer he drove 75 miles out of his way to patronize a noted Norman chef, eating two complete meals in a gastronomic feat that might have made Brillat-Savarin wink in his grave.

His wife, Barbara Cushing Paley, is one of the three beautiful daughters of Boston's great Neurosurgeon Harvey Cushing. She is much more celebrated than he is, always appearing on lists of the ten best-dressed or -coiffed or just looking out from a photograph with a coolly amiable glance that makes men instinctively straighten their ties. Because she reads widely and far more than he has time to, he seems to look to her for literary judgments in much the way he depends on men like Jim Aubrey for first opinions about new gumshoes, comedians and hillbillies. The

Paleys have been married for 16 years. Each was married before and contributed two children to the new family, and they have had two more: 15-year-old William Jr. and Kate, 13.

What Money Can Buy. William Samuel Paley has several things money can buy, too, although he is sensitive about being identified with stupefying sums, as anyone might be who owns almost \$70 million worth of CBS alone. He says that money on the domestic level has no real significance to him: "It's just pieces of paper. I've been eating three square meals a day for a long time, you know."

Among the things those pieces of paper have bought is a big 75-year-old house on an 80-acre tract in Manhasset, L.I. Known as Kiluna Farm, it is a house that won't quit, rambling up, down and on the bias; it looks like ten shingle farmhouses delivered all at once by airdrop. "The floors are sagging, but it's comfortable," says Mrs. Paley. The walls are under pressure too. They hold up the massive frames that surround an impressive private art collection.

Paley owns 103 paintings at the moment, of which about 40 are major works. They are mainly by Postimpressionists, and he, with an instinct for the durable, bought most of them cheaply in the '20s and '30s. He has a Derain that he found on the floor of the artist's studio in Paris, covered with dust. Among his Matisse's is one that Matisse originally refused to part with, but, says Paley, "I wheedled it out of him."

Clobbering Friends. In his bedroom, Paley has an Eames chair facing a thing that looks like a tea caddy, with three small Sony TV sets on it. Picking up a remote-control gismo, he flicks CBS, ABC and NBC into life and says, "You see, I can shut one off and watch the other two." Click. "Or I can shut two off." Click. "Or I can shut them all off," he adds, with a particularly satisfied click.

Paley has a double dose of nervous



BARBARA CUSHING PALEY
Flawlessly turned out.

energy and, expending it, there is nothing he would rather do than flail away at a golf ball. He will often ask four or five couples out for the weekend, taking the men guests with him to the golf course, where he competes tensely and excitedly and clobbers them with his 15 handicap. What do the women do while the men play? Paley pauses, never having considered that. "I don't know what the hell they do do," he says.

On some Saturday nights, Gauguin's *Queen of the Aereis* swings away from the wall on a hinge, a concealed projector lights up, a screen drops from the ceiling, and the group watches a new movie. Also a photographer of considerable skill, Paley displays his albums to guests at home. In the kind of company he usually keeps, he is hardly picture-dropping, but a casual flip of the pages turns up some remarkable names and moments: Anthony Eden, thin as wire, stretched out in a bathing suit at Cap d'Antibes during a sojourn with the Paleys in 1953; Pablo Picasso, trying to look rakish and dashing as he stands to be photographed beside Mrs. Paley.

The Paleys have a house at Round Hill in Jamaica, and they are building another house in Nassau. They maintain an apartment in Manhattan's Hotel St. Regis. And they have a place at Squam Lake in New Hampshire, where Paley tears up the back roads at 80 m.p.h. in his Facel-Vega.

Feeding Ideas. All this could leave an impression that Paley is just another of those jet-winged and rich-horn people who make a job of everything but work. He is not—but he was certainly born rich. His father was a prosperous cigar-maker (La Palina), and Paley was educated at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce ("what a farce"). He got interested in the nascent radio business only when, as the boss's restless young son, he discovered that La Palina could sell a spectacular number of stories by plugging them over the air. In 1928, 27-year-old Bill Paley bought a chain of 16 wobbly Eastern radio stations for \$400,000 and renamed them the Columbia Broadcasting System.

As radio grew, it was CBS's energetic young president who fed it more new ideas than anyone else. Paley introduced the *Columbia Workshop*, which broadcast the early works of Thornton Wilder and W. H. Auden. And as World War II began, he initiated the practice of fracturing news programs into brief reports from scattered capitals. After the war—in which he served as colonel in charge of psychological warfare under Dwight D. Eisenhower—he made one of the strongest moves in broadcasting history when he took control of programming away from advertising agencies and outside packagers. From then on, CBS has originated most of its own programs, whereas ABC and NBC still rely

heavily on packagers. For better or worse, CBS and Paley take responsibility for what happens on their air.

Stars & Brainflashes. Paley has had his flops. The CBS color TV system, for instance, because it could not be received on black and white sets lost out to RCA. But that is behind him. He found the ideal right-hand man in Stanton, who has streamlined CBS into the trimmest organization in broadcasting. It was Stanton who separated the company into its present divisions and who runs the day-to-day business. "In the creative end," Stanton says, "I would never make a major decision without involving Paley, but I seldom bother him about housekeeping functions."


When it comes to creativity, Paley has an instinct for doing what is commercially necessary. Four years ago, when ABC's mass marketing, quality-be-damned techniques were sending tremors through CBS and NBC, Paley met the challenge by buying away what he considered the mainpring of ABC programming—Jim Aubrey, then ABC vice president and known in the trade as "The Smiling Cobra." In his new job, Aubrey has gone all out for ratings, often at the expense of prestige. CBS's supremacy has not been won without some deserved criticism, and NBC can fairly claim to have held out, by contrast, for quality.

But if anyone doubts who runs CBS, the oil-smooth words of CBS-TV's President Aubrey should put the doubts to rest. "Mr. Paley doesn't dictate," says Aubrey. "He leads by persuasion. If you differ with him, by the time you're through talking with him he has indicated how his point of view had more to recommend it than yours."

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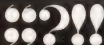


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THE LAW

TRIALS

The Limits of Political Invektive

The case was being tried in the small town of Okanogan, Wash. (pop. 2,001), but it had a big-city price tag: the plaintiffs asked \$225,000 damages for libel and conspiracy. The cast of characters read like the line-up for a movie: an admitted ex-Communist, an organizer for the John Birch Society, two former state legislators (one a Democrat, the other Republican) and a dapper weekly newspaper publisher. Bit parts were to be played by a Hollywood star and an ex-U.S. Senator.

The lead was played by John Goldmark, 46, a Harvard law graduate with a prosperous Okanogan Valley wheat, beef and quarter-horse ranch he bought after getting out of the Navy in 1945. He had been handily elected three times to the state legislature in Olympia, where he rose to chairman of the house ways and means committee. His wife Sally had been a Communist Party member from 1935 until a year after their marriage in 1942, a fact that became public during Goldmark's 1962 re-election campaign.

The Grounds. That's where the case began. Ashley E. Holden, 69, publisher of the weekly Tonasket Tribune (circ. 1,013), ran a news story pointing up Goldmark's membership in the American Civil Liberties Union, which he said was "closely affiliated with the Communist movement in the United States." A Holden editorial called Goldmark "a tool of a monstrous conspiracy to remake America into a totalitarian state." In a publication widely distributed to voters, Albert F. Canwell, 57, a former state representative and now a freelance investigator of Communism, identified Sally Goldmark as a Communist and the A.C.L.U. as a Communist front.

Goldmark ran fourth in a field of five in the Democratic primary that September. Just two weeks later he and his wife filed suit against Canwell and against Holden and his paper, along with a couple of local John Birchers who had joined the campaign against them.

The Case. In court, the defendants went all out to amplify their campaign charges against the Goldmarks. "We will show evidence which will convince you that Sally Goldmark never got out of the Communist Party," said Defense Attorney E. Glenn Harmon. The defendants tried to show that the Goldmark marriage itself was dictated by the Communist Party.

For the Goldmarks, former U.S. Senator Harry Cain (Rep., Wash.), who had served three years on the Subversive Activities Control Board, testified that the A.C.L.U. has never been a Communist front. And in a lighter moment, Actor Sterling Hayden, in full beard, testified that leaving the Communist Party is easy: he himself left in 1946 after



SALLY & JOHN GOLDMARK
How far is fair comment?

six months) and the discipline only as tough as one makes it: "I was the only person I know to buy a yacht and join the party in the same week."

The drama reached a climax of sorts when white-haired Defense Attorney Joseph Wicks in his closing plea quoted the First Commandment in ringing tones, then stared at the Goldmarks to demand, "Would a Communist say there is no other God? What is God to an atheistic Communist?" Mrs. Goldmark, tears streaming down her face, rushed out of the crowded courtroom.

When their turn came, the Goldmarks' lawyers maintained that the kind of charges made by the defendants could "drive from office every decent man who ever sought it." Attorney William Dwyer found the defense "one long tortured attack against Mrs. Goldmark. They've said every conceivable dirty thing about that woman they could say without being held in contempt of court."

The Verdict. After both sides rested Judge Theodore Turner instructed the jury. In a dry, almost uninflected voice, he read a list of 40 separate legal points. Criticism of public officials and candidates, he emphasized, is normally privileged—even when the criticism is extravagant and unjustified. The question for the jury—and for political campaigners elsewhere—was whether such free-wheeling attacks as had beaten John Goldmark reach beyond the limits of fair comment.

The nine men and three women, cooped up in a 9-ft. by 20-ft. attic room at the top of the old county courthouse, took five days to decide. Last week the jury awarded John Goldmark \$40,000 in damages. Not one of the defendants got off.

THE CONSTITUTION

The Conscientious Nonbeliever

For Selective Service authorities in New York and Justice Department officials in Washington, Daniel Seeger presented a baffling problem. A New Yorker of draft age, Seeger claimed exemption as a conscientious objector, but he was an unusual sort of c.o. Although raised in a Roman Catholic family (two of his uncles became priests), he was a self-styled agnostic who refused to say he believed in a Supreme Being. The Selective Service Act makes it unmistakably clear that no one is to be exempted from the draft as a c.o. unless he holds to a "belief in a relation to a Supreme Being."

A Year & a Day. Seeger told his draft board that he believes in "goodness and virtue for their own sakes" and opposes war as unethical. Investigators pronounced him sincere in his beliefs, but the draft authorities followed the Justice Department's advice and ruled that, by the letter of the law, he could not be considered a c.o. After that ruling, Seeger was summoned to an Army induction center in New York City. There, one morning in 1960, he went through with the pre-induction physical examination but balked at the swearing-in oath. Tried in a federal court, he was convicted of refusing to submit to induction and sentenced to a year and a day in prison.

Last week in Manhattan, the U.S. Court of Appeals overturned Seeger's conviction. The draft law's requirement of belief in a Supreme Being, ruled the court, is unconstitutional. The decision leaned heavily on 1961's *Torcaso v. Watkins* case, in which the U.S. Supreme Court declared invalid a Maryland law requiring every notary public to take an oath professing belief in the existence of God. Neither the Federal Government nor a state, said the Supreme Court, "can constitutionally

pass laws or impose requirements which aid all religions as against nonbelievers, and neither can aid those religions based on a belief in the existence of God as against those religions founded on different beliefs."

"A Child of God." Applying the *Torcaso* doctrine to Seeger's case, the three-judge Court of Appeals panel held that it is unconstitutional for Congress to select belief in a Supreme Being as the criterion of true religion. The term religion, said the court, does not necessarily imply belief in a supernatural power. Today, "commitment to a moral ideal is for many the equivalent of what was historically considered the response to divine commands." The draft law discriminates against those who hold sincere religious beliefs not based upon faith in a Supreme Being. And that discrimination violates the Fifth Amendment, which says that no one shall "be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law."

Let its ruling be considered anti-religious, the court took care to point out that it was affirming rather than denying the religious heritage of the U.S. "The principal distinction between the free world and the Marxist nations is traceable to democracy's concern for the rights of the individual citizen, as opposed to the collective mass of society. And this dedication to the freedom of the individual, of which our Bill of Rights is the most eloquent expression, is in large measure the result of the nation's religious heritage. Indeed, we here respect the right of Daniel Seeger to believe what he will largely because of the conviction that every individual is a child of God, and that Man, created in the image of his Maker, is endowed for that reason with human dignity."

LAWYERS

Hope for Bilked Clients

When New York's Governor Rockefeller wanted to lift state revenue in 1963 while appearing to honor his pledge not to raise taxes, he tried a package of new or increased fees for the registration of everything from autos to hairdressers. Included, despite strong bar-association protests, was a one-shot \$15 fee for every practicing lawyer. On reflection, the New York City Bar Association has decided that this registration fee might be a good idea after all. Last week the association proposed to the state legislature that a similar charge be levied every two years—the money to be used to publish a state directory of lawyers, to finance investigations when charges of professional misconduct are brought against lawyers—and to build up a fund that would compensate bilked clients when professional misconduct includes misuse of funds. For if a lawyer has dissipated a client's cash, the money may be gone for good—whether or not the culprit is eventually punished by the courts.

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U.S. BUSINESS

MONEY

Plenty of It— Plus Some Worries

The best way to measure the strength of the economy, say many economists, is to look at how much money is available for spending and lending. By this theory, the outlook for the rest of 1964 is bright indeed. The supply of money in the U.S.—measured by totaling bank deposits and currency in circulation—is large and steadily growing. It increased 8% in 1963, a pace of expansion approached only once in the past decade. Since people invariably spend more when there is more to spend, the economy will get a boost from the plentiful money supply. Yet money is also causing some national worries and heating up old disputes.

President Johnson aimed a stern warning at businessmen and labor leaders against any hiking of prices and wages that might touch off another round of inflation and further lessen the already much-eroded value of the dollar. The President was concerned by recent wholesale-price rises and by possible demands for big wage hikes in up-coming labor talks in major industries. Should inflation appear again despite this warning, it will be the job of the Federal Reserve Board to combat it by limiting the money supply—and that possibility last week caused a clash between Fed Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. and his archrival, Texas Democrat Wright Patman, chairman of the House Banking Committee.

Patman charged that the Federal Reserve has already contributed to high unemployment by restricting the flow of money, fears that the Fed will further tighten up this year. If the tax cut proves to be too great a stimulus to the economy, the Fed may have to do just that. The betting in many business circles is that after the tax cut passes, the discount rate will be raised from 3.5% to 4%—which would make commercial loan money more expensive to come by. But Johnson is an easy-money man, and he has a chance to moderate any tight credit policy by



PALLETIZED AIR CARGO BEING LOADED ABOARD JET
Growing on parts, papaya and Parisian croissants.

selecting a man of his own persuasion for the opening on the Federal Reserve Board coming up at the end of January.

The Government may well have to make vital decisions about money policy during 1964, but so, on a smaller scale, will millions of consumers and businessmen. The year's outlook in various sectors of the money market:

- **BANK DEPOSITS.** The flow of savings of all kinds should continue 1963's record pace, since the public habitually saves 7% of each dollar, and will have more dollars if a tax cut is made.

- **FEDERAL FINANCING.** With federal deficits expected to be smaller this year, the Treasury will be competing less against private borrowers in the money market, thus putting less pressure on interest rates.

- **BUSINESS LOANS.** Funds will continue to be amply available, but a Federal Reserve discount boost might push rates to prime loan customers from their present 4.5% to 5%, which would be the highest in three decades.

- **CAPITAL MARKETS.** Recent corporate and municipal bond issues "went out the window" (sold quickly); experts expect this trend to continue.

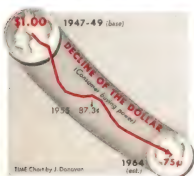
- **MORTGAGE LOANS.** As savings increase, more mortgage funds will be available and rates should hold at around 6%.

- **CONSUMER LOANS.** Plenty of credit will continue to be obtainable, since interest charges range as high as 24% and the consumer seems willing to pay the price.

carry almost anything—including some substantial losses—in the rush to fill their cargo bins. Air freight (excluding air mail and air express) has increased more than 50% in the last four years, reaching a volume of \$230 million last year. This year it will increase another 10%, and aviation experts believe that it may some day rival passenger travel as a source of airline income.

Bitter Controversy. The fastest rise in air-freight shipments has been among the major U.S. trunk airlines—United, TWA, American and Pan American—which are predominantly passenger carriers. This fact has involved them in a bitter controversy with the all-cargo lines, such as Slick and Flying Tiger, which claim that the encroachments of the big lines could drive them out of business. Most of the big lines are losing money on their cargo operations, but these losses are balanced out by the current rich profits from passenger travel. The Civil Aeronautics Board, sympathetic to the plight of the all-cargo lines (which carry 30% of U.S. air freight), last week announced that it will come to their aid, most likely with route and rate concessions to keep them afloat.

The real surge in air freight came only after the airlines began flying the big passenger jets, whose cargo compartments alone can carry as much freight as a DC-4 air freighter. But the breakthrough in air freight is only beginning. Before mid-1965, U.S. airlines will be flying 30 DC-8s and Boeing 707-320C jet freighters, each of which in one week's normal schedule can carry coast to coast enough freight to fill 20 boxcars. Using prepacked freight pallets, special lift mechanisms and aircraft floors with built-in rollers, crews can load and unload jet freighters in less than half the time it takes to load a piston plane with one third the cargo capacity. Air freighters can offer over-



AVIATION

Freight in the Sky

When a Midwest college boy was recently invited to fly to New York to be a guest on a TV quiz show, the airline shipped along the thing that made him distinctive: a 2,300-lb. sugar cookie that the lad had baked himself. Nowadays, the nation's airlines are willing to

night delivery on both coast-to-coast and transatlantic shipments.

Brioche & Mistletoe. Air freight's big millstone is still its expense: rates average a costly 11.1¢ per ton-mile v. only 1.3¢ by rail and 6.3¢ by truck. "We must keep in mind," says United Airlines Chairman "Pat" Patterson, "that the cost of lifting an object differs a great deal from that of pulling it." But many industries obviously find the advantage well worth the cost. Because damage is less and there is little need for crating, nearly all computers are shipped by air. Boeing saved \$750,000 by flying 100 jet engines to its Seattle assembly plant in huge zippered bags. The biggest users of air freight are the automakers (biggest U.S. commercial

CORPORATIONS

The Four Ms of Sears

With faulty hagiography but understandable awe, the chairman of one large competitor calls it "the greatest organization since the church was founded by St. Paul." Adds the more mundane chief of another rival: "It is the General Motors of the industry. I sometimes feel like Studebaker." The object of such admiration is Sears, Roebuck and Co. Although it ranks second to the A. & P. among all U.S. merchandisers, Sears is the best-managed and most profitable of the nation's retailers. And it never seems to stop growing. Next week, reporting on fiscal 1963, Sears will announce that for the first

building and loan associations and shopping centers. It runs an automobile club, is experimenting with auto financing, is thinking of going into auto leasing and the small-loan business.

The guiding hand in this rush of activity belongs to Chairman Austin T. ("Joe") Cushman, 62, who seems too soft-spoken and shy to be chief executive of a bullish corporation like Sears. "I met him at dinner one night," says one Chicago businessman, "and it took me all evening to discover that he ran Sears." Inside the company, Cushman is not so reticent. Unlike retired Predecessor Charles H. Kellstadt, whose job he took over two years ago, Cushman delegates responsibility liberally and treats subordinates genially, but keeps a cold eye on profit and loss reports. "Men, merchandise, methods and money," he is fond of saying, "are the four Ms of Sears. Men come first."

A Weak Link. The men of Sears usually display a prescience that has helped the company pull away from such competitors as Montgomery Ward and J. C. Penney. Long before World War II, convinced that automobiles would revolutionize merchandising, Sears pioneered residential stores surrounded by parking space; the post-war rush to the suburbs reaped spectacular sales. The proliferation of discount houses has had little effect on Sears: 95% of its merchandise is in house brands (Allstate, Kenmore, Homart, Silvertone) that discounters cannot carry and that, in any case, are generally priced 20% under competing brands.

Cushman is pushing for more sophisticated brands that will create a new Sears image to attract the better-off customer as well as the penny-conscious Sears regular. The average Sears dress, once tagged at \$4.98, now costs \$15.98. Sears also stresses bikinis and Lilly Daché hats, and its 5½-lb., 1,716-page spring catalogue, now being distributed to 10 million customers, has a suave honey-blond model on the cover, with a \$6,500 diamond ring and luxurious mink styles inside. Sears continues its recent penchant for stocking original art, \$3,000 outboard motorboats and gold-plated bathroom fixtures.

While Sears President Crowder Barker concentrates on building catalogue sales (26% of total volume) with added outlets and faster deliveries, Cushman is working to strengthen a weakness in Sears's domestic chain: the 13-state Eastern region that generates 40% of all U.S. retail sales. Long dominant in the Midwest, Sears has rebuilt some Eastern stores and opened many new ones, is erecting a mammoth distribution center in Secaucus, N.J., to service them. Meanwhile, capitalizing on its Latin American experience, Sears next year will open stores in Madrid and Barcelona, use Spain as a wedge into the Common Market, where U.S.-style mail-ordering is a postwar phenomenon. Such moves delight Chairman Cushman, whose pleasures seem to be



FASHION IN THE CATALOGUE



CUSHMAN



ART SHOW IN DENVER

Ringling registers with size and sophistication.

user of all: General Motors), who save millions by cutting down on the number of parts stocked in depots throughout the country; electronics firms also save on inventory and warehouse expenses by air freighting.

Big industry is not the only user. The mistletoe industry in Texas got a lift when growers found that they could jet their perishable product to big Eastern markets. Record manufacturers use jets to distribute new disks before their popularity wanes, and dresses from Hong Kong are air-freighted to the U.S. on racks, thus saving the importer the \$1 a dress he would otherwise have to pay for pressing. Every morning, 6,000 lbs. of Denver steaks are jet-flown to Phoenix, 20,000 lbs. of Hawaiian papaya fly to West Coast markets, and a Manhattan shop, Cheese Unlimited, puts on sale oven-fresh brioches and croissants jet-lifted in from Paris.

Air freight's most ardent advocates predict that it will turn the U.S. into one vast market "five hours wide and 2½ hours deep." That day is still some distance away, but an industry that does not blink at moving a 2,300-lb. cookie is quite capable of making the dream a reality. Right now, in fact, air freight is growing twice as fast as passenger travel.

time in its 77-year history it has crossed the \$5 billion sales mark, running up a 12% sales increase that is almost double the yearly rise of its nearest competitors.

Sears has 755 retail stores (and 30 more a-building) spread through every state, 1,065 catalogue outlets, 24 Simpsons-Sears stores across Canada, and 64 stores in Puerto Rico and Latin America. One U.S. family out of every three shops at Sears; it accounts for 6.2% of U.S. retail sales in the general lines of merchandise carried by the company, and its share of the home-appliance market ranges up to 25% of all the automatic washers and dryers sold in the U.S. Among Sears's 250,000 employees are 500 buyers, each of whom generally enters more orders every year than the combined buying staff of a big-city department store.

Men Come First. Not content with this vast range of retail sales, Sears is working hard to win even more of the consumer dollar. To add to its Allstate Insurance, which is the second largest U.S. auto underwriter and now deals in life insurance too, Sears recently received permission from the Securities and Exchange Commission to set up its own mutual fund. Through subsidiaries—Homart Development, Allstate Enterprises—it also operates two




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simple. Says he: "I love to hear the sound of the cash register ringing." If projections hold true, Sears' registers will ring to the tune of \$6 billion within three years.

SELLING

Detergent War

On television, the soap business is a bubbly world of pretty housewives showing off their blinding white wash, of jocular lady plumbers, and of children smearing their cherubic faces with soft, pure suds. In reality, the soap industry is one of the least jocular, least

DAVID GAMB



ALL TV COMMERCIAL
Low suds and high stakes.

cherubic sectors of U.S. business. Last week on TV programs from *Martin* to *Monday Night at the Movies* and on supermarket shelves across the U.S., the soapmakers were kicking and jabbing harder than ever in a battle over which will dominate the most lucrative spot in the market—the laundry room. Total soap and detergent sales last year reached \$1.3 billion, a 7% gain over 1962, and \$750 million of that was churned up in the nation's home washing machines.

Tide's In. The major soap manufacturers are often called the Big Three—Procter & Gamble, Lever Bros., Colgate-Palmolive—but a more apt description of the industry would be the Big One. P. & G. accounts for more than half the cleaning products sold in the U.S., and its profits are more than three times those of its competitors combined. P. & G. and Lever were once equals in the laundry room, but P. & G. rose to the top on Tide, the first powerful heavy-duty detergent; introduced in 1946, it is still the bestseller. Lever tried to counter with Rinso Blue, but P. & G. swamped its efforts with bargain prices and intensive advertising.

Today's big fight is over low-suds detergents for automatic washers. Lever's All leads the field with 36% of low-suds sales—but All once had 98% of the business, and a free sample box was always to be found in every new automatic washing machine. P. & G. muscled All out of the machines by offering manufacturers free TV plugs if they switched to giving away its low-suds Dash or high-suds Tide instead. When

a new "active" All formula successfully slowed the upward pace of Dash, P. & G. moved to a new battleground by bringing out a low-suds detergent in tablet form called Salvo, backed by a \$26 million ad campaign. Lever counterattacked with a tablet, Vim, but Dash and Salvo now have half the low-suds business.

All's Cold, Beleaguered Lever is doggedly fighting back with a new Cold Water All, a low-suds detergent that works in cold water and is being pushed in a series of TV commercials stressing that women could go on washing even if the hot water were turned off in cities across the U.S. Lever claims that it saves the cost of heating 30 gallons of hot water for each machine load, is easier on delicate fabrics, and prevents shrinkage. But the job of propagandizing skeptical housewives into believing that cold water washes as well as hot will be long and costly—and no doubt P. & G. will rush out with its own cold-water products if Lever's is successful. To add to the complexities of the soap war, all three manufacturers will soon offer "soft" detergents that are designed to decompose in sewage systems and end the problem of the sticky foam that has polluted the drinking water of many communities.

INDUSTRY

New Power in Automation

From baking bread to making steel, the most promising area of automation is computer control of factory production lines. Last week two major space-age firms got together to form the newest and biggest company in a rapidly growing field. The Martin Marietta Corp. and Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc. set up a separate company called the Bunker-Ramo Corp. to design and install computerized assembly lines for the industrial market.

The partnership is a natural. Ever since he joined his Martin Co. with American-Marietta three years ago, Chairman George Maverick Bunker, 56, has been selling off his least profitable operations and building a nest egg that now amounts to \$150 million. On the other hand, Thompson Ramo Wooldridge has the biggest industrial process-control operation in the U.S., supplies devices to such firms as U.S. Steel (to control oxygen furnaces) and Riverside Cement (to regulate cement blending). But TRW did not have capital enough to develop the business and make it profitable. With Martin putting up the cash and owning 90% of the new corporation, Bunker will be chairman and chief executive officer of the company; Dr. Simon Ramo, vice chairman of TRW, will be president and take charge of technological development. To start with, Bunker-Ramo inherits \$50 million in orders—mostly military—from its two parents. The goal, within a decade, is a billion-dollar corporation doing business with industry around the world.

PERSONALITIES

THE workday of Pet Milk President Theodore R. Gamble frequently begins at 5:30 a.m. in a duck blind near his St. Louis home, and he has been known to spend two hours shooting before he drives to the office. Even in a blind, Gamble follows his fetish for utilizing time: when no ducks appear, he runs through paperwork or reviews Pet's problems with invited aides. Such attention to time has carried bright, youthful (39) Ted Gamble a long way in a little bit of it. He abandoned a Wall Street career to help save 79-year-old Pet, which his grandfather founded. Both Pet's evaporated-milk sales and its aging management were drying up; stepping up to president in 1959, Gamble moved up younger men, diversified into everything from walnuts to frozen waffles. Last week, in his first European acquisition, he bought up a Dutch candy firm. The overall result of his presence: an 85% increase in sales, to \$300 million in fiscal 1964. Another result: a 530 mph executive jet to replace the company's slower 240 mph Convair.

DAVID GAMB
GAMBLE



WOODS



WHILE he was chairman of Wall Street's powerful First Boston Corp., lanky George D. Woods was an orthodox banker by day and a gambler in his off hours. Woods did his gambling as a Broadway angel, bankrolled a few flops but also a list of such long-runs as *Sailor, Beware!* and *Dead End*. As World Bank president, Woods, 62, is now serving as angel for more universal enterprises. Under Eugene Black, the bank prospered by making hard loans for productive public works. When he succeeded his longtime friend last year, Woods recognized that the bank had undergone its own form of population explosion; it now numbers among its 101 members many who need education and improved agriculture more than dams or steel mills. Woods convinced his directors that they should unbend and consent to bankroll such unaccustomed projects as schools and farms. Annual loan totals, as a result, have soared from \$646 million in 1962 to \$788 million last year, and the bank's 1963 earnings reached a record of \$89 million. Now Woods reads his latest progress reports as avidly as he once seized on the theater reviews.

WORLD BUSINESS

WEST GERMANY

The Changing Ruhr

In books, paintings and plays of social protest, the Ruhr Valley was long pictured as a brutally black furnace of heavy industry, as ugly as the coals pits on which it is built. It has also been presented as a land populated by gaunt miners and ruled ruthlessly by a wealthy elite of powerful iron and war mongers. At various times the Ruhr indeed may have fitted these descriptions, but things have changed. "That is the legend of the

built by several German companies and such international firms as Shell and British Petroleum. Where coal-based chemical plants once belched out dark and noxious fumes, modern petrochemical factories now cleanly crack oil into hundreds of new chemicals. A company called Chemische Werke Hüls has built the Ruhr's biggest synthetic rubber plant, and Mülheim's Chemist Karl Ziegler last year won a Nobel Prize for developing methods to produce plastics from oil.

Steel is still the Ruhr's Siegfried Line,

prettier, more pleasant place in which to live. Pressured by labor representatives on company boards, the Ruhr's prosperous industrialists have built colorful high-rise apartments and cozy bungalows that rank with the best workers' housing anywhere. Krupp has steam-cleaned many of its buildings. August Thyssen has spent \$10 million to control the smoke from its stacks, and the grimy company towns of yesteryear have turned into handsome cities. The rural aspects of the region, so long crushed by fumes and neglect, can once



STEELWORKERS' HOUSING IN BOCHUM



PASTURE & PLANT AT DORTMUND

In some places, the loudest sound is a scratching pen.

Ruhr," says Gerhard Kienbaum, economics minister of West Germany's state of North Rhine-Westphalia. "Today it corresponds to reality about as well as the Nibelungenlied does."

The reality of the Ruhr has just been made plain in a startling request advanced in Brussels by the region's political leaders. They asked the Common Market for economic aid. The world's greatest industrial workshop now seeks help because it is fighting to change, modernize and revitalize its whole economy.

Lifting Its Face. Tucked into an area the size of Delaware, with 25 cities larger than Gary, Ind., and a population of 8,000,000, the Ruhr until recently turned out 85% of Germany's iron and steel and practically all of its hard coal. But competition from cheaper imports has leveled off its steel production, and the general switch-over from coal to oil has cut its coal output 10% and cost the jobs of 100,000 Ruhr miners in the last five years. Population and per capita income have grown more slowly in the Ruhr than in the rest of the country.

The Ruhr's industrialists were slow to diversify, but lately they have begun to do so with zeal. In the most sweeping change, they have created a new oil industry to replace coal as a major source of power. Astride the groping arms of two major pipelines, refineries were

but the modern emphasis is less on producing it than using it. Dozens of smokeless, smartly designed plants turn out machine tools, chemical equipment and truck bodies: General Motors' Opel subsidiary 18 months ago opened a \$500 million factory for its new Kadett small cars at Bochum—symbolically built over an abandoned coal mine. At Essen and Dortmund, Krupp, Siemens and AEG have put up new plants to manufacture everything from turbogenerators to X-ray apparatus. Also sprouting are plants for electronics parts, TV sets, plate glass and clothing, as well as factories that turn out a cheap furniture: in honor of its city of origin, Germans have dubbed the furniture "Gelsenkirchner Baroque." Though the Ruhr gained fame for its contributions to the arsenals of war in times past, today it has no armaments industry to speak of.

Lifting Its Chin. Acting much like a developing country, the state of North Rhine-Westphalia has begun to offer tax breaks, low-cost land and long-term 4% loans to new enterprises. Tempted as well by cheap river transportation and by West Germany's biggest floating labor pool (due largely to the mine layoffs), more than 100 foreign firms have settled in the Ruhr since 1961, including 63 Japanese companies and a battery manufacturer from Israel.

The changing Ruhr has become a

again exert their charm. And in many of the plants devoted to the new technology, the most notable sounds nowadays are made by slipping slide rules and scratching drawing pens. The Ruhr is still not a paradise, but it is no longer synonymous with purgatory.

THE NETHERLANDS

Going Private

Leave it to the Dutch to be different. While industry is being nationalized from Italy to Indonesia, The Netherlands has decided to move in just the opposite direction. Before the Dutch Parliament this week is a bill that will make a private company out of the government-held Dutch State Mines, a \$300 million organization. The move, which would be equivalent in the U.S. to sending the Tennessee Valley Authority off on its own, is supported by all political parties except the inconsequential Communists. The reason is that the Dutch understand what nationalizers do not: in today's highly complex industrial world, companies go farther and faster without government shackles.

Dutch State Mines was organized in 1902 to promote newly discovered coal veins that were being ignored by private capital; but since then, DSM's research teams have moved beyond coal into more profitable fields, including plastics and fertilizers. Chemicals now con-

tribute 40% of DSM's \$190 million annual sales, thus helping to turn an \$8,000,000 loss on coal into an overall \$4,700,000 annual profit. Next year new revenues will begin coming in from recently discovered natural gas fields.

In spite of such broad activities, DSM's board still has to seek approval from the Minister of Economic Affairs for any expenditure of more than \$25,000, must wait for a snail-paced Parliament to approve partnerships with private companies (recent examples: Dow Chemical, Pittsburgh Plate Glass). Many firms are reluctant to enter into deals that require excessive red tape and government scrutiny. Largely for such reasons, the Dutch decided on "privatization." For the time being, the government will remain DSM's only stockholder. But in all other respects, DSM President Antoine C. Rottier and his four vice presidents will be as unfettered as any of the free-enterprising executives with whom they deal.

BRAZIL

How to Lose Investments

It is hard to imagine how Latin America's largest nation could do much more to discourage foreign investment. But Brazil—which already offers inflation galloping at 84% a year, xenophobic politicians, irresponsible strikes, sporadic power blackouts and water shortages—has managed to add another obstacle. After 16 months of debate, President João Goulart finally signed the toughest profits-control decree in the hemisphere. In 83 ambiguous articles, it says that foreign companies can send back in profit each year no more than 10% of their "registered investments."

The trouble is that no authority has determined whether the 10% applies to straight investment alone or to money poured back in as reinvestment as well. Threshing out all the vague legalisms will require at least three years; in the meantime, the profits of many companies may well be tied up in Brazil. Little matter. Brazil's economy has become so chaotic that nobody has been putting in or taking out much real money lately.

CANADA

Midas of the Maritimes

Flames curled through a straw-and-cloth effigy hanging in the main square of normally sedate Saint John, New Brunswick. Hundreds of onlookers gathered to watch the fire and to argue about the object of their anger: Kenneth Colin Irving, the richest man, the biggest landholder and the most contentious entrepreneur in Canada's Maritime Provinces.

K. C. Irving last week was up to his bald crown in one of the longest labor disputes yet witnessed by economically depressed New Brunswick. It began 19 weeks ago, when 145 members of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union stomped out of Irving's \$52 million Saint John refinery

protesting that their hourly wages—\$1.55 to \$2.30—were 75¢ below the industry's average in Canada. The walk-out has since spread westward to other parts of the Irving Oil Co. Labor views the Saint John strike as a battle of principle to extend standard industry wages and labor practices to Irving's many companies, but few of the real issues of the strike or its nasty incidents have been reported in New Brunswick. One reason: four of the province's six daily newspapers, one of Saint John's two radio stations and



K. C. IRVING



BURNING EFFIGY IN SAINT JOHN
In the press, largely silence.

the city's only TV station are owned by K. C. Irving.

Up from the Garden. With a fortune approaching \$300 million, Irving dominates much of the Maritimes. He owns the biggest hardware chain in the region, the public transit system in Saint John, 1,700,000 acres of woodlands, several mines, a steel fabricating plant, a shipyard, 16 tankers and 2,000 service stations that blazon the Irving name in red, white and blue from Newfoundland to Quebec. Almost everyone in New Brunswick has strong feelings—pro or con—about K. C. Irving. But he has so effectively walled himself from the public that few really know him.

The son of a lumberman and storekeeper in tiny Buctouche, N.B. (pop. 1,000), K. C. Irving early demonstrated the Midas touch. At five he sold the produce of his backyard garden (2¢

per cucumber); at ten he marketed the foil saved up from tea packages (4¢ per lb.). As a young man he sold Model Ts, and Ford's led him logically to gas pumps. He started Irving Oil by installing a 10,000-gal. gasoline tank in his home town. From there, oil guided him into bus lines, tankers and refining.

Over the Pump. At 64, Irving runs his businesses like fiefs, delegating bits of authority only to his three sons, who range in age from 32 to 36. Like their father, they work up to 18 hours a day, do not smoke or drink, have little small talk or social life. K.C. operates out of a second-story walkup above a service station in Saint John, and all four Irvings lunch together at K.C.'s white frame house because, as he says, "we just don't get enough time to talk at the office." On his many trips to the empire's outposts, Irving fires off questions and orders that show the control he keeps over even minor details. "Put another spotlight on that Irving sign," he will say as he drives along.

Many Canadians applaud Irving for having created more jobs in New Brunswick than all of Canada's many official pump-priming projects. His critics counter that he got labor cheap and has kept it cheap, that he takes no part in community activities and does not even permit his workers to make payroll contributions to the United Fund—it costs too much time for his clerks to figure out the deductions. Irving has also shown a knack for breaking strikes in the past. But even those who would like to take K. C. Irving down a peg realize that what really hurts this stubborn tycoon is bound also to hurt New Brunswick's fragile economy. New Brunswick would be happy to settle for a compromise—but that word, up to now, has never been a part of K. C. Irving's vocabulary.

COMMON MARKET

The Lamentations of Jeremiah

The Common Market Commission's financial vice president, Robert Marjolin, is a Jeremiah who takes any opportunity to cajole or frighten the member nations into closer cooperation and more central planning. In Strasbourg to deliver his annual economic report to the European Parliament last week, Marjolin warned the Six of galloping inflation that threatens the Market's whole structure.

While the Market's gross national product is rising at about 4.5% a year, salaries have soared 28% in Italy, 21% in France, 20% in West Germany. Consumer prices are up as much as 19%. Increasing imports and higher-priced exports have turned a \$3.5 billion favorable trade balance into what may be a \$1 billion deficit this year, and public spending, instead of staying low to counterbalance rising costs, itself rose 11% last year. Warned Marjolin, in a plea for spending hold-downs and coordination: "We cannot live in a permanent state of overheating."

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MILESTONES

Born. To Jayne Mansfield, 30, sometime cinemactress (*It Happened in Athens*), and Mickey Hargitay, 34, Mr. Universe of 1956; their third child, first daughter; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Born. To Phil Silvers, 51, horn-rimmed funnyman, and Evelyn Patrick Silvers, 30; their fifth child, fifth daughter; in Hollywood.

Married. Lamar Hunt, 31, prime founder of the four-year-old American Football League, owner of its Kansas City Chiefs, son of Oil Billionaire H. L. Hunt, one of the nation's wealthiest men; and Norma Lynn Knobel, 25, high school history teacher; he for the second time; in Richardson, Texas.

Died. Joe Weatherly, 41, national stock-car racing champion for 1962 and 1963 (last year's earnings: \$58,110), a 17-year veteran who was known as "The Clown Prince" for his practical jokes, scorned the shoulder harness 80% of stock-car racing drivers wear, saying "when my time comes, no piece of rag's gonna save me"; of head and chest injuries inflicted when his 1964 Mercury crashed into a retaining wall during a race; at Riverside, Calif.

Died. Barbara Keith, 42, Hartford, Conn., widowed grandmother of ten, a sport parachutist and balloon enthusiast who once said, "I go up in a balloon because it's living. Who wants to sit home and knit an afghan when you can sit suspended under a 40-foot bag and be part of the wind?"; by drowning, when her hot-air balloon drifted off course during a race from Santa Catalina Island to the Southern California coast, was found 42 hours later.

Died. Marc Blitzstein, 58, satiric composer who jolted even the class-conscious '30s with his pro-labor operetta, *The Cradle Will Rock*, mellowed slightly after the war (he renounced Communism in 1949, the year his opera *Regina* appeared), but kept a spare set of sharks' teeth pearly white, dear, for the English adaptation of Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*, which ran six years off-Broadway, made a jukebox gigolo of Mack the Knife; in Fort-de-France, Martinique, where police charged three sailors with beating him to death.

Died. Joseph Schildkraut, 68, Viennaborn actor who won star billing on Broadway in 1921 as the carnival barker in Molnar's *Liliom*, parlayed his talents into more than 60 screen roles, two dozen onstage, 80 on television, commencing with romantic leads in his salad days (Ibsen's Peer Gynt, Benvenuto Cellini in *The Firebrand*), evolving into character parts such as Papa Frank in *The Diary of Anne Frank*; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

CINEMA

Detonating Comedy

Dr. Strangelove, Or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb. The egghead President of the United States, one Mirkin Mulley, chirrups into the phone to the Soviet Premier: "Now, then, Dimitri, you know how we've always talked about the possibility of something going wrong with the bomb? The bomb, Dimitri. The hydrogen bomb. Well now, what happened is that one of our base commanders did a silly thing. He, uh, went a little funny in the head. You know, funny. He ordered our planes to attack your country . . . Let me finish, Dimitri."

In the manner of a man whose wife has backed the ranch wagon into a neighbor's prize hydrangea, Peter Sellers thus sets the tone of Producer-Director Stanley Kubrick's irreverent spectacular about nuclear war. The film is an outrageously brilliant satire—the most original American comedy in years and at the same time a super-sonic thriller that should have audiences chomping their fingernails right down to the funny bone.

Two years ago Kubrick, 35, got the rights to Peter George's 1958 novel *Red Alert*, then enlisted George and Co-Scenarist Terry Southern to help transmute that straightforward suspense yarn. By heightening the already striking surrealism of mere humans blundering through a maze of buzzers, lighted dials, threat boards, hot lines and early warning systems toward world holocaust, Kubrick shot for a "nightmare comedy" and made it.

The onslaught begins under the opening credits. A B-52 bomber nuzzles up to a jet tanker for mid-air refueling while the sound track pours forth an unctuous ballad called *Try a Little Tenderness*. Cut to Burpelson Air Force Base, where General Jack D. Ripper (Sterling Hayden) launches the offensive against Russia, then severs communications with SAC. Hayden's playing

seems extremely right. His Ripper is impotent, a one-man military complex who means singlehanded to save the world from water fluoridation and other Communist plots "that threaten the purity and essence of our natural fluids." He alone knows the three-letter code signal to recall the bombers.

Soon the President and his top brass are noodling around a vast baize table at the Pentagon. Here, Sellers and George C. Scott ring in deftly shaped performances. As General "Buck" Turgidson, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Scott is the brash, boyish paradigm of technological know-how, whether he is contemplating megadeaths ("I'm not saying we wouldn't get our hair mussed") or the superstructure of his bikini-clad secretary Tracy Reed, a Miss Foreign Affairs with no top secrets.

Sellers, playing three important roles, unerringly finds what's askew in a character and settles any vestige of doubt about his status as the screen's first comedian. He sees President Mulley as a vaguely Stevensonian liberal. "You can't fight in here, this is the War Room," he remonstrates as Scott grapples with the Russian ambassador. He manages to combine hysteria with a stiff upper lip as General Ripper's terribly civil British aide, Mandrake. In one loony episode, Mandrake and Colonel "Bat" Guano (Keenan Wynn) find that the last faint hope of preventing nuclear annihilation hangs on shooting open a Coke machine to get change for a pay telephone. But Sellers excels as Dr. Strangelove, a dehumanized German scientist employed by the U.S. Deadly alternatives don't faze Strangelove—his only problem is a wayward arm fed by such lethal impulses that it sometimes tries to strangle its owner, or springs out from his withered body in a Nazi *heil*.

Kubrick—whose earlier departures from the beaten path include *Paths of Glory* and *Lolita*—views inadvertent nuclear war as the greatest danger of an anxious era, but he says so with such

dash, holdness and Swiftian spirit that the message never quells the madness. His film defiantly thumbs its nose at the fate all men fear. And it fulfills Stanley Kubrick's promise as one of the most audacious and imaginative directors the U.S. cinema has yet produced.



CANZI & CABRINI IN "FIANCÉS"
Two for a tender tale.

A Long Engagement

The *Fiancé*, tight-lipped and unhappy, sit side by side on hard-bottom chairs and look anywhere but at each other. Engaged for several years, they have recently been drifting apart. Now he wants to run off to Sicily and take a better job. She is sure that if he goes he will never come back, and he is secretly inclined to agree.

They are both wrong. In the second of his films to be shown in the U.S., Italy's Ermanno Olmi (*The Sound of Trumpets*) tells a gentle and touching story of how distance lends enchantment to a love that had lost its charm. More to the point, he tells the story with inordinate art; film buffs everywhere acknowledge *The Fiancé* as a classic of the new cinema.

Olmi's hero (Carlo Cabrini) is a welder, an ordinary workman: doomed to his job, tied to his home town, Sicily seems to him an inhospitable place. The company hotel looks like a concrete wall. The nearest town is huts and ruins. The local night life is limited to a single soda fountain of soul-searing fluorescence. After three weeks in this hell, the miserable welder imagines home as heaven and his fiancée (Anna Canzi) as an angel. When she sends him a letter, he greets it like an annunciation. Eagerly he replies, and soon the fiancée is writing regularly, soon a new green leaf of feeling grows from the dead branch of their love.

Not much of a story. What's more, it is told with a slowness slowed still further by memories in the form of flashbacks. But slow is not dull. Slow in this film is fascinating, as a big slow snake is fascinating. Slow is the director's way of giving the spectator time to experience the story as life is experienced: moment by moment and yet somehow also as a simultaneous entirety. At 32, Olmi is a master of his complex craft, but he wisely uses his art to conceal his art and to reveal what he means to say.



AS PRESIDENT



SELLERS AS AIDE, WITH HAYDEN

The message never quells the madness.



AS STRANGELOVE

BOOKS

The Driven Man

JAMES FORRESTAL by Arnold A. Rogow. 397 pages. Macmillan, \$6.95.

At a congressional ceremony on March 29, 1949, James Forrestal, retiring as the first Secretary of Defense, received a silver bowl and many plaudits: "A long and brilliant career . . . outstanding talents . . . one of the best analytical minds." A few hours after the ceremony, one of Forrestal's aides found him back at a spare office in the Pentagon, sitting in a rigid position, star-

seem to mesh. He was, on the one hand, tough and commanding; on the other, sensitive and guilt-ridden. Now Arnold Rogow, a political science professor at Stanford, has skillfully pieced the parts together in a first biography of Forrestal.

Talk of Wall Street. Forrestal enjoyed the same rags-to-riches tag that has been pinned on other famous Americans. As is usually the case, writes Rogow, the tag was untrue. Forrestal's father, an Irish immigrant, had built up a prosperous construction business in the town of Matteawan, north of New York



JAMES FORRESTAL & HARRY TRUMAN

Compulsive, guilt-ridden, vilified and great.

ing at the bare wall opposite. When the worried aide tried to talk to him, Forrestal said only: "You are a loyal fellow." When Forrestal went home, he seemed bewildered by the fact that he no longer had an official limousine. Alarmed at his condition, friends bundled him off for a Florida vacation, but Forrestal's mind was elsewhere. He kept repeating that he was a failure. He said that the Communists were out to get him and insisted on searching closets. Walking on the beach, he pointed to sockets for beach umbrellas and warned that they were wired. Finally, Forrestal was committed to Bethesda Naval Hospital for psychiatric care. Early on the morning of May 22, he hurled himself from a 16th-floor window to his death. He was the first Cabinet officer in U.S. history to take his own life.

Ever since Forrestal's death, people have wondered why such a splendid career came to such a squalid end. For James Forrestal was an outstanding public servant, a key figure in the crucial postwar years. He was indeed a man of parts, but whose parts did not

City, and was a bigwig in local Democratic politics. It was not poverty but sickness that shaped the young Forrestal. Frail from birth, Forrestal took the Teddy Roosevelt cure. He went in for strenuous exercise, especially boxing. In one bout his nose was broken, giving him his characteristic tough-guy look. Forrestal was also tormented by his Roman Catholic religion, writes Rogow. He drifted away from the church, even though his strong-willed mother wanted him to become a priest. Instead, Forrestal went to Princeton. But six weeks before graduation, he left, presumably because he had flunked a required English course and did not want to repeat it.

Thanks to his Princeton contacts, Forrestal landed a job as a salesman with the New York investment banking firm of Dillon, Read, Intense, hard-driving and a glutton for work, he became head of the sales force in three years, eventually company president. On the way up, he engineered deals that were the talk of Wall Street. But one of them furnished his enemies with ammunition to use against him in later years.

Forrestal set up a bogus Canadian corporation in order to avoid paying some \$100,000 in taxes—not an illegal act, writes Rogow, but not a very ethical one, either.

Working seven days a week, including Christmas, Forrestal had little social life. He prided himself on being able to attend a cocktail party, greet the hostess, down a martini, exchange a few pleasantries and take his leave—all in eight minutes. At 34, Forrestal married a New York socialite and *Vogue* editor, Josephine Ogden, whose friends were all café society. They had two sons, but before long the couple were leading separate lives. Forrestal, who avoided emotional attachments all his life, hardly even spoke to his boys until they were ready to enter college.

Battling Uncle Joe. In 1940, as war grew closer, President Roosevelt looked around for friendly businessmen to serve in his Administration. Forrestal was interviewed by Harry Hopkins and recruited. He was appointed to the newly created post of Under Secretary of the Navy and soon made his rather vaguely defined job a hub of the defense establishment. In 1944 Forrestal became Secretary of the Navy.

In the Navy Department, Forrestal began his personal war on Communism. Russian secretiveness and arrogance had aroused his suspicions. He put his staff to work investigating Communist infiltration in the U.S., collected reams of writings on Communism, encouraged George Kennan, chargé d'affaires at the U.S. embassy in Moscow, to write his celebrated "Mr. X" article, which laid the basis for the policy of containment. In 1946 Forrestal persuaded Truman to send warships to the eastern Mediterranean in a show of strength, thus paving the way for U.S. aid to Greece and Turkey. By 1947 Forrestal—with the help of Russian aggression in Eastern Europe—had converted the Cabinet to a militant anti-Communist stand. But it had not been easy going. "Whenever any American suggests that we act in accordance with the needs of our own security," he wrote to a friend in exasperation, "he is apt to be called a goddamned fascist or imperialist, while if Uncle Joe suggests that he needs the Baltic provinces, half of Poland, all of Bessarabia and access to the Mediterranean, all hands agree that he is a fine, frank, candid and generally delightful fellow who is very easy to deal with because he is so explicit in what he wants."

After the war, the battle over unification of the armed forces was joined and Forrestal jumped right in. President Truman and the Secretary of War were in favor of a strong defense chief; Forrestal was not. He felt the defense establishment was too big to be bossed by any one man; at most, the Defense Secretary should "coordinate." Eventually, Forrestal wore his opposition down, and the 1947 bill creating the Defense Department was largely his. Ironically,

Forrestal was appointed to the job he considered too big. "This office will probably be the greatest cemetery for dead cats in history," he grumbled in words that were eerily prophetic. "I shall probably need the combined attention of Fulton Sheen and the entire psychiatric profession by the end of another year."

Hint of Violence. Forrestal soon reached an impasse. He thought Truman's military budget too skimpy to stop Communist aggression (the Korean war proved him right). He did his best to slice up the budget among the services, but the service secretaries sabotaged his efforts by going over his head to Congress and the press. Better-read than any other Cabinet member and able to quote from Bagehot, Marx and Kant, Forrestal irritated Truman by constantly giving him advice and recommending appointments. "He was a Cabinet Francis Bacon who took the whole political world for his province," writes Rogow. He especially angered Truman by arguing long and hard against the creation of the state of Israel because he thought the U.S. oil supply in the Middle East would be jeopardized.

As the 1948 elections approached, there was talk of putting Forrestal on the Democratic ticket. Forrestal had both political ambitions and political glamour. "He has the bearing given to goodhearted gangsters in the movies," Jonathan Daniels wrote. "There is the suggestion of the possibility of violence and the surface of perfectly contained restraint." But Forrestal was convinced Truman would lose in 1948; he stayed out of politics and refused to campaign for the party. In fact, he met a few times with Dewey, giving rise to the rumor that he was making a deal with the Republicans to stay on as Defense Secretary. Three months after Truman was inaugurated, Forrestal was dismissed.

Better to Die. In those months, Forrestal began to show signs of his illness. He had trouble making decisions, and his subordinates often bypassed him. Contributing to Forrestal's depression was a barrage of vilification from the left-wing press. Forrestal, it was said, had ordered that I. G. Farben not be bombed because he owned stock in the company; Forrestal was an "anti-Semite" and a "front man" for U.S. oil companies. Columnists Drew Pearson and Walter Winchell spread the phony story that Forrestal had panicked and run away when his wife was held up by a gunman. The night Forrestal jumped to his death, he left a book open to a passage from Sophocles' *Ajax*:
Better to die, and sleep

*The never-waking sleep, than linger on
And dare to live when the soul's life
is gone.*

After writing his solid, careful biography, Rogow attempts some amateur psychoanalysis that does not seem warranted by his own facts. "The reality of Forrestal's personality," he writes,



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"was not essential toughness but essential weakness." Rogow lists some of the troubles that he thinks eventually crippled Forrestal: his "early psychic deprivation"; his tightly repressed emotions; his compulsive working habits and compulsive play. He suggests that Forrestal, whose feelings toward his father were ambivalent, later transferred these feelings to Harry Truman. Rogow even goes on to suggest what is now fashionable in psychoanalytical and sociological circles: that the cold war is a product of inner anxieties and that Forrestal's own anxieties—his need to show he was tough—contributed to it.

The fact is that toughness was exactly what was needed in dealing with the Soviets after World War II. If Forrestal's personality helped shape that toughness and the successful policies of the time, the U.S. can be grateful.

The Survivor

THE LOST SHORE by Anna Langfus. 254 pages. Pantheon. \$4.95.

Novelists are often the worst judges of their own intentions, and Polish-born Anna Langfus is no exception. In *The Lost Shore*, she explains, she was aiming at a bestseller in the manner of Françoise Sagan. What she achieved was a novel simple and laconic in manner but as anguished as a muffled scream. It won the Prix Goncourt.

In its plot, *The Lost Shore* is classically Saganesque: a young woman meets an elderly man in Paris, listlessly encourages his shy advances, and goes off to live with him on the Riviera. But Novelist Langfus' Maria is not one of Sagan's self-indulgent heroines. A survivor of three years in a German concentration camp in which she lost her husband and parents, she has a derelict's vision of the world as a place where love is impossible and the human condition hopeless. The secret of survival in such a world, she has learned,

is to smother every flicker of feeling. The old man appeals to her at first because he seems to offer her comfort in exchange for a minimum emotional payment on her part.

For a time, in the "giant hothouse" of the Mediterranean coast, Maria's feelings seem about to thaw. Contempt for the old man gives way to a reluctant compassion; a friendship with four vacationing children restores for a while the "miraculous gift of liveliness." But feeling exacts a price: "Suffering, which had been impatiently biding its time, hurled itself upon me." As memories come flooding back, Maria at first tries to reject them and then flees.

It is not always easy for a reader to feel sorry for a character who is so persistently sorry for herself. But Author Langfus' heroine in *The Lost Shore* has survived the concentration camp only to become a piece of human driftwood, driven by memories of a horror that, for a whole shattered generation, stubbornly refuse to die.

Kiss Them for Me

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER by Pamela Frankau. 311 pages. Random House. \$4.95.

Sherry is the drink Pamela Frankau is offering here for those who take it—out of a cut-glass decanter, and perhaps a biscuit to go with it. The time is 1926, when England was just recovering from the general strike. Back from assorted boarding schools, the three Weston children are assembled at a seaside resort where Daddy's musical show, *The Moonrakers*, is definitely not raking in the cash. Mummy has been dead for years, and Daddy has contrived a living out of a shoestring and the old school tie (Eton) by writing and acting in summer revues. Sample dialogue: "What did you do in the General Strike?" Answer: "I struck a General."

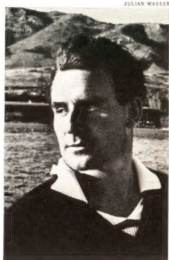
By invoking the perpetually Edwardian world of the British upper-class family, where Nanny's always Nanny and nobody dares call her Nan, Pamela Frankau has performed what must by now be almost a ritually required act for all female British authors. Despite this, the Weston children's summer opens onto satisfyingly sunny uplands of the past. Predictably arch and fey and charming, the characters are nevertheless conveyed with a kind of loving concern that can make even a relative seem momentarily fascinating.

Pinned by the Panther

THE BELLS OF SHOREDITCH by James Kennaway. 211 pages. Atheneum. \$3.95.

The hero who rebels against the heartless corporation is old hat, but British Novelist (*Tunes of Glory*) James Kennaway has given it a new crease. His rebel becomes a capitalist himself, and feels the better for it.

Broad-bosomed, asthmatic Stella Vass has vague socialist principles and treas-



JAMES KENNAWAY
New crease in an old hat.

ures a few memories of exhilarating political outings. She despises her weak-kneed husband Andrew, who slaves away in a demeaning job in a London bank. Trying to describe him to a friend, Stella explains: "Have you ever opened an egg and found nothing but a little dried-up tissue and hot, smelly air inside?" She demands him to stand up to his boss, the formidable J. T. Sarson.

But Sarson is no ordinary caricature of a capitalist. He is a suave banker who hurts others most when he is being helpful and who always gets what he wants—but quietly. Andrew loves and fears him as a father figure. Socialistic Stella is also attracted by this man of power. "With Sarson," she muses, "it would be like being pinned down by a big panther, and evidently I want to be pinned down by a big panther."

Banker Sarson soon deposits her in his bed. Ironically, at that very moment, Andrew summons up the courage to challenge Sarson. He has discovered that Sarson, who is also a director of the Bank of England, has used his inside knowledge of the Bank's decisions to make a killing. Andrew spreads the word about it, but he has not reckoned with the solidarity of the British Establishment. The honor of one of its members impugned, the Establishment closes ranks and freezes Andrew out. A director of the Bank of England threatens to sue him for defaming that venerable institution. Sarson summons him, bullies him until he collapses in tears. His wife lets him know that she has been sleeping with Sarson.

Sarson is not content with victory; he knows how to make corruption complete. Full of magnanimity, he visits the Vasses and hints to Andrew how he, too, can make a killing. No sooner has Sarson left than Andrew is on the phone to his broker, all business and no principle. His wife finally flares with passion for him. Another Sarson is in the making.



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